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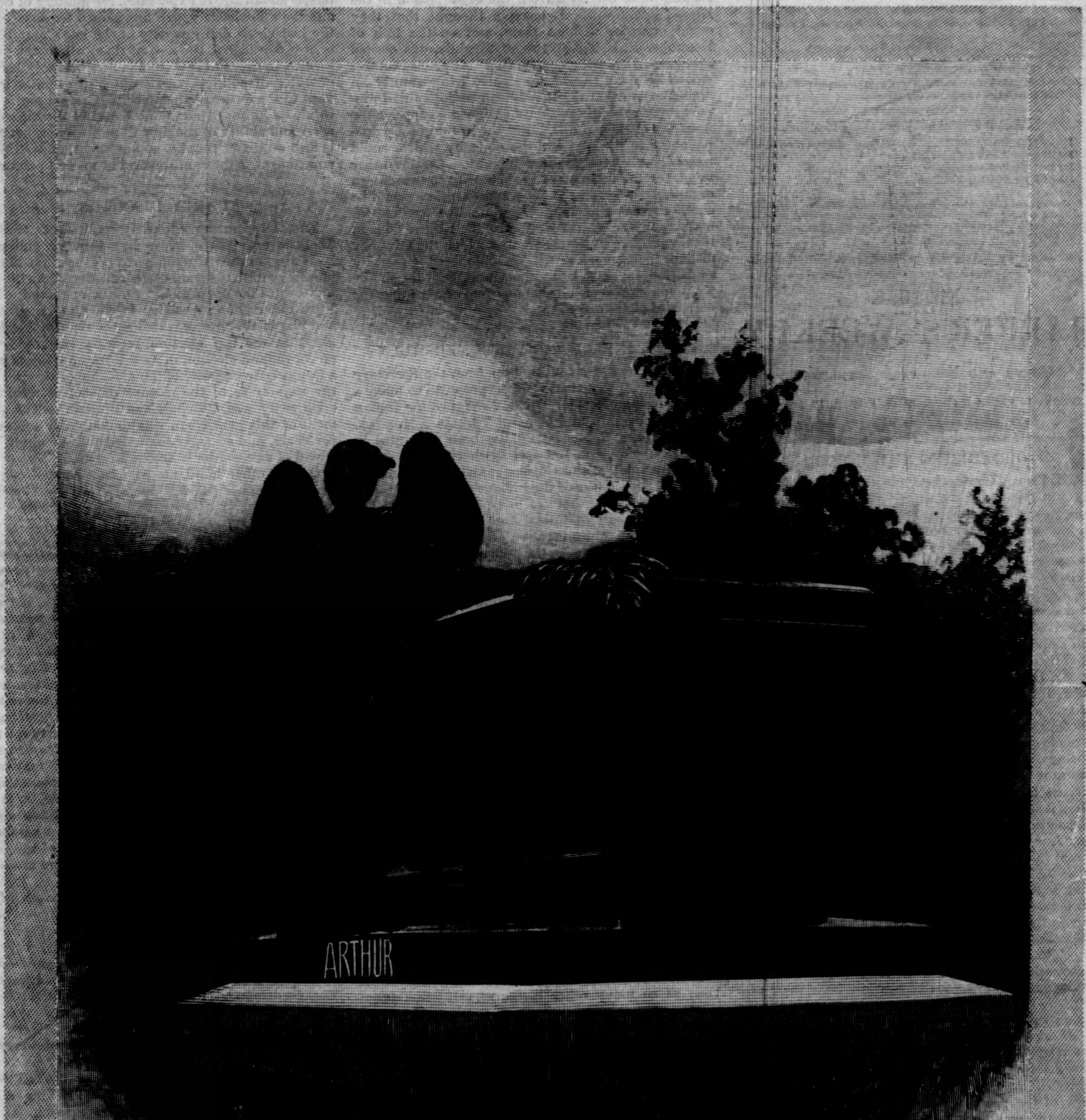

THE MONUMENT TO PRESIDENT ARTHUR.—Drawn by Alfred Fredericks from a Photograph by Notman, Albany.—[See Page 495.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
FOR JULY.

THE STATE OF IOWA. By Mr. Justice Miller. Accompanied by a Frontispiece Portrait of Mr. Justice Miller, and 13 other Portraits.
SHORT STORIES. By Florence E. Weld, and by F. Doveridge.
GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES. VIII. A PIECE OF GLASS. Twenty Explanatory Illustrations.
JUPITER LIGHTS. By C. F. Woolson. A Novel. Part VII.
PALATIAL PETERSBURG. By Theodore Child. Fifteen Illustrations.
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EDITOR'S STUDY. By William Dean Howells.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER. Conducted by Charles Dudley Warner.
LITERARY NOTES. By Laurence Hutton.

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WITH

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ORGANIZING THE HOUSE.

THE Republican majority in the House of Representatives at the opening of the next session of Congress is so small that apprehensions are expressed that a use of the power of the majority will be attempted which will be resisted by the minority at whatever cost. This is a singular statement. It is a virtual threat that in expectation of an effort of the majority to do what the minority do not like, or what a majority would not be justified in doing, the minority will arrest the operation of the government. The statement is the more singular because it is alleged that in such a course the minority would be led by Mr. Randall, who, upon the chief question on which the majority was elected, agrees with the majority. Under the accepted rules of parliamentary procedure, motions to adjourn in various forms may be made continuously, so as entirely to baffle the proceedings. But, pushed to extremity, this course becomes revolutionary, because it prevents the very purpose for which the House was elected, and because it annuls the fundamental principle of peaceful parliamentary procedure—the rule of the majority. A majority of one carries the principle as plainly and fully as a majority of one hundred. Even if it should happen that a dispute arises over the right of any member to his seat upon whose vote the actual majority might depend, the just rule is that the name of the person who holds the official certificate of election is entitled to be placed upon the roll, and his right to a seat can be considered only by the House when organized.

The question arose at the organization of the Twenty-fifth Congress, just fifty years ago, in 1839, and the circumstances deserve to be recalled at this time. The House met for organization on the 2d of December, and it was known that the seats of five members from New Jersey who held the usual credentials would be contested by five other claimants. Mr. Garland, clerk of the preceding House, according to custom, called the members to order, and proceeded to call the roll. When he reached the New Jersey names he called one of them, and then said that for the five other seats there was a contest which he did not feel competent to decide, and he would therefore pass the names and complete the call, that the House might organize and decide the question. This seemed plausible; but the holders of the regular credentials were Whigs, and the contestants were Democrats, while the House undoubtedly elected was so evenly divided that the party character of the organization would be determined by the New Jersey members. If the Whigs who held the certificates were excluded from the organization, as Mr. Garland designed, the Democrats would control the organization. The excitement at once became intense, and for three days the utmost confusion prevailed, and the situation was evidently perilous, because there seemed to be no course of action which both sides would accept. In this emergency there was a general deference to John Quincy Adams, a member of the House, as a man of such experience, ability, and indomitable integrity that perfect confidence could be placed in the strict justice of his action.

On the 5th of December he rose, and addressing his fellow-members as fellow-citizens, begged the House to organize itself, and said that he would offer a resolution ordering the clerk to call the names of the New Jersey members who held the certificates. As the clerk would put no motion, when the members of the House asked, "How shall the question be put?" Mr. Adams characteristically answered, "I intend to put the question myself." There was a tumult of applause, and he was made chairman of the assembly. But the end was not yet. For eleven days more the embittered contest raged. At last, in plain violation of sound principles, all the New Jersey contestants were excluded from the organization of the House, because the Democrats thought that they could organize without them, and on the 16th of December R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, was elected Speaker. It is not supposed that this precise contest will arise next December. There is apparently an apprehension that the Republican majority will propose some rules of procedure designed to deprive the minority of their rights. But this would be a palpable abuse of the power of the majority which would instantly alienate public sympathy. On the other hand, the filibustering of the minority to prevent an organization because of such apprehension would be equally resented by public opinion. The uncontested majority may rightfully organize the House. Then, if they propose measures or rules which the minority dislike, the minority will be undoubtedly morally supported in reasonable opposition, but not to the point contemplated in some quarters of arresting the wheels of government.

THE INDIAN COMMISSIONERSHIP.

UPON receipt of an intimation from the Secretary of the Interior that the President proposed to make a change in the office, Mr. Oberly resigned the Indian Commissionership, and General Thomas I. Morgan, of Providence, Rhode Island, has been appointed in his place. Mr. Oberly has discharged his duties with great ability and efficiency, and with exclusive regard to the welfare of the Indians and of the public. He is a man of unusual executive faculty, and he has firmly excluded all political and partisan considerations from the administration of his office. He was in entire sympathy with the general views and spirit of the Indian Rights Association, and that body in every fair and honorable way sought to secure his retention. There is no suggestion that the change is made for any other than a political reason. The Indian policy of the administration, if it be based upon just and considerate and non-political regard for the Indians, must necessarily be that of the late Commissioner, and as he held that politics had no concern with his duties, and carefully observed that principle in practice, it cannot be urged that he was not in sympathy with the Executive. The change has been made not because the late Commissioner was in any way unfitted for the office, nor because he disagreed with the administration, nor because of any personal reason, but solely because in his general political views he is a Democrat.

This will be accepted by many persons as a perfectly satisfactory reason. But the Republican platform declared that "the spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments," and the party pledged itself to enforce this rule. The President accepted the declaration and confirmed the pledge, adding that "only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office." It cannot be contended honestly that these pledges are not deliberately violated in this instance, as they have been in so many other instances. If Mr. Oberly were a Republican instead of a Democrat, and a change had been made, it would not have been made for any reason connected with the service, but solely to give the place to some other Republican, under the old plea that Mr. Oberly had had his share. As no allegation against his official action has ever been made which was not promptly and conclusively refuted, the argument which has prevailed was undoubtedly the assertion that the retention of the Commissioner would be "bad politics," because it would imply that there was no Republican fit for the position of Indian Commissioner. This is the familiar sophistry by which a clean party sweep in the entire service is attempted to be justified. But it is a plea which the Republican platform and the President's declaration very properly and completely disregard. "Only the interest of the public service," he said—not the demand of party politicians or the supposed interest of a party—"should suggest removals from office."

The argument that the retention would show that there was no Republican fit for the place assumes the condition which the letter and the spirit of the reform distinctly deny, namely, that because the successful party can furnish suitable men for all the places in the service, therefore equally suitable men ought to be turned out to make room for them. The reply is that the assumption is totally irrelevant, and if it should be made a principle of action, would necessarily prevent reform. The removal of the Indian Commissioner is another conspicuous illustration of the want of any consistent or intelligent conception or purpose of reform. General Morgan, who is appointed Commissioner, was a gallant soldier of the Union, and he will undoubtedly make an excellent officer, notwithstanding the vicious principle by which a vacancy was created. The criticism which a change in violation of reform principles and pledges was sure to elicit has had the good effect of securing a selection which in itself is unobjectionable. The Indian Rights Association, in the event of Mr. Oberly's removal, which it greatly deplored, desired and urged the appointment of General Morgan. But when the nature of the Indian Department, the immense advantage of experience, the mastery of details and the knowledge which are gained by service, and the just views and integrity of the late Commissioner, are considered, the loss of them all to the public service, in order to appoint a successor solely because of different political views, which are totally irrelevant to the duties of the office, a false system is seen in all its folly. There is no doubt of the high character and ability of the new Commissioner, but there is also no doubt that his appointment, under the circumstances, is the confirmation of an evil practice.

PARTY DISCORDS.

THE temperature of party politics is tropical. There is no great measure now pending, and party lines are not drawn upon great policies, but the animosities within them are more rancorous than the feeling toward the opposition. On the one hand, a New York Republican especially friendly to Mr. Blaine, and one of the most devoted supporters of Mr. Harrison at the last election, recently remarked with fervor that an election in New York now would show a Democratic majority of the most imposing size. To the inquiry as to the reasons of such a result, the crisp reply was, "Republican disgust." The statement of this gentleman was undoubtedly somewhat perfervid, and strongly suggested that he might be a friend of ex-Senator Warner Miller.

On the other hand, the St. Louis *Republic*, a violent Democratic journal, remarks of the Governor of New York:

> "This is the year to tell the truth about David Bennett Hill, one of the most ignorant, narrow, and unscrupulous pot-house politicians who ever pretended to be a Democrat, or knifed a Democratic ticket. He is not honest enough to be reputable, and he has not brains enough to conceal the traces of his subterranean work."

As Mr. Hill is the only Democrat now mentioned as a possible contestant for the nomination, if Mr. Cleveland should be proposed again, and as the *Republic* would probably support "the most ignorant, narrow, and unscrupulous pot-house politician" as its candidate, if he should be nominated, the remark is an interesting illustration both of the "getting together" of the Democratic party and of party spirit in general. The tone of this remark indicates an apprehension that Hill's "subterranean work" may carry the day, after all, and make him the representative of the party which in the view of the *Republic* is the party of public probity and progress. Such an assault in a party organ upon a prominent candidate for the highest party honor is significant of the fierce animosity within the party, of which there are other striking illustrations.

One obvious "lesson" to be drawn from such facts as these is the droll folly of a pledge to support three years hence the candidate of a party whoever he may be. The shibboleth of party loyalty before a nomination is the phrase, "I am for the candidate." That is the only assurance which "subterranean" workers demand. Pledge yourself to support the candidate, whoever he may be and however his nomination may be secured, and the game of bribery and swindling will begin, with you as an involuntary accomplice. Fifteen years ago, when there was a body of Republicans in New York strongly opposed to the machine, but which supported the machine candidates when they were nominated, the machine leaders used to say, with supreme scorn, "Let 'em blow; they'll vote the ticket." The "subterraneans" are really impressed only by an opposition which "means business." If they think that the kickers will really refuse to vote the ticket, or will actually vote against it, they will consider. Otherwise they will only sneer. If Governor Hill as a candidate would be generally supported by Democrats who assail him in the tone of the St. Louis *Republic*, he is a very proper representative of his party.

THE EDUCATIONAL DISPLAY AT PARIS.

THE despatch of the New York Associated Press from Paris on the exhibits of educational methods at the Paris Exposition is an admirable summary of the significance of the display. The result is, indeed, unexpected, for it is not to such an exhibition that the observer would turn for the kind of information which the despatch crisply summarizes. The display reveals a revolution in the means, methods, and objects of schooling. The ancient view of higher education as the exclusive privilege of a class is superseded by the wiser conception that it is rather the right of all. The Exhibition shows that in every country there is a practical and effective conviction that thought should develop skill, and that education, besides disciplining the mind and enlarging spiritual power and resource, should also train the eye and the hand, thus maturing and moulding the physical capacity to make life happier and easier for all. This particular branch of the Exposition illustrates an immense advantage of these cosmopolitan displays. By assembling specimens of the methods and results of all nations and countries on a common theatre, they reveal each nation to itself in comparison with all others, and lift it out of the narrow and self-satisfied provincialism into which every nation tends to sink.

The English-speaking countries have been so inclined to regard themselves as the unquestionable heads of the world, and to point to their public schools as the corner-stone of their greatness, that it is surprising to find that in a comparative exhibition of the educational systems of the civilized world they show, according to the report, "scantiness and relative inferiority." But the small American display is doubtless due to the usual American indifference to such frequent exhibitions, and hardly justifies the judgment of the reproof as to the American system. For the science of teaching, both England and America must go to Germany and France. More than twenty years ago the French Minister of Education in an admirable report set forth the reasons and practicability of compulsory attendance at school. France, first among great nations, threw off the tradition of exclusive literary training, and in the Exposition, besides a representation of the entire school system of Paris, seventy of the eighty-seven departments of the republic are represented.

Then, according to the despatch, comes Belgium, combining the greatest density of population with the largest diversity of occupation, and the most uniform distribution of wealth with the minimum of pauperism. Closely following are Holland and Switzerland, and abreast of them are the French colonies in Asia, Oceanica, and Africa. The great surprise, however, is Japan, where the kindergarten, or the intelligent and happy training of children, outdoes Froebel. There are nearly 3,000,000 of children and 70,000 teachers in the elementary schools of Japan, and the entire educational system, from the primaries up to the university, is as scientific and orderly as in France. Especially remarkable is the work of the schools for the blind and for deaf-mutes. The skill of the latter in wood-carving, painting, modelling in clay, and in designing for ceramics, textiles, and iron, is "almost phenomenal." The schools of Boston are practically the representative of the entire American system in the Exhibition. St. Paul shows the primary schools; Buffalo, the grammar-schools; Philadelphia, the schools of manual training; and California, the normal schools. If the representation be a fair illustration of our system and schools, and they are really inferior, as this friendly statement asserts, no eyes will recognize the fact so soon as those of American observers, and there will be little delay in the practical result of modifying our system in accordance with the better methods shown at the Exhibition.

FOREIGN DISPUTES IN DOMESTIC POLITICS.

Mr. Patrick Egan was appointed Minister to Chili undoubtedly because he was a conspicuous Irish agitator, and for the purpose of conciliating the Irish vote, which is now the Republican policy. For reasons of special fitness and knowledge and diplomatic ability distinguishing him above other American citizens—for we believe it is a fact that he has been duly naturalized—Mr. Egan would not have been selected. It was undeniably a bid for the Irish vote. Naturally, therefore, when the American government makes prominence in the fierce political controversies of other countries a reason for conferring its honors, it excites the opposition of other participants in those controversies who also have become American citizens.

The British-American Association has published a very emphatic protest against the appointment of Mr. Egan, telling the universally recognized truth about it in very plain English, and of course scoring a point against the administration. It should seem that our own political contentions are sufficiently animated and engrossing to make it wholly unnecessary for any legitimate public purpose to import and domesticate those of other countries. The predominant political interests of the Irish-American voter are largely those of his native land, and there is nothing to be gained for American interests and welfare by stimulating the English-American to prefer English politics to ours.

The worst result of the deference of the American government to the domestication of foreign politics in this country is a necessary indifference to the cultivation of true Americanism—a word of which we hear a great deal, but which certainly does not mean servility to sentiments and votes wholly foreign to American self-respect and dignity. If our public affairs are to be conducted with regard to the views of those who desire a certain policy to prevail in England or France or Germany, they will not be conducted either in a characteristic or an honorable American way.

A PREMATURE ANNOUNCEMENT.

We expressed our gratification last week at the reported decision of the President to allow honest and efficient officers, who show due regard to the proprieties of their position by refraining from partisan activity, to serve the terms for which they were appointed. We are sorry to say that the announcement of this decision was premature. It is not a rule which has been adopted by the President. The dismissal of the postmasters at Bridgeport (Connecticut), Norwich (Connecticut), New Bedford (Massachusetts), Jacksonville (Florida), Jersey City (New Jersey), Vineland (New Jersey), and many more, in some instances against the expressed wishes of citizens of all parties, shows that the good rule has not yet been adopted.

Meanwhile Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, who is not the least amusing member of the Senate, fulminates against reform with an energy which tumbles over the platform of his party, and heaps foul scorn upon the pledges and professions of the President. In the case of some other Senator it might be interesting to inquire whether he repudiates with the same contempt, as nonsensical and un-American, the declarations of his party platform about protection. The Boston *Transcript*, a Republican journal of high character and discrimination, says that "Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, is one of those Republicans who hang to the Republican party because by no other agency could they be continued in public life." The Senator should take care, therefore, not to ridicule and denounce the Republican platform. He may disregard reform, perhaps, in practice, but in view of the *Transcript's* remark he must really insist that the spirit and purpose of reform shall be observed.

We regret sincerely that the President has not concluded to enforce a rule so excellent as that which he was said to have adopted. It falls very far short of a thorough principle of reform, but it is a step in the right direction, and would make all other steps easier. We believe, also, that the strict observance of such a policy, as of an unwritten law, would secure for the President a regard and a confidence which would be better for him than any favor he can gain by removing good officers before the expiration of their terms.

THE CRONIN MURDER.

The Clan-na-Gael is a secret Irish society which seeks to promote the Irish cause by any means, however criminal. Dr. Cronin was a member of this society in Chicago, and by the freedom of his comments and censure upon its management had made himself very disagreeable to its managers. Suddenly, some weeks ago, Dr. Cronin disappeared, and after much excitement and inquiry, his body was found in a sewer, and upon examination it was evident that he had been murdered. The coroner's jury, after hearing many witnesses, rendered a careful verdict, in which they say that the murder was evidently the result of a most foul and brutal conspiracy; that a number of persons were privy to it, and that certain of them, whom the jury name, should be held to answer to the Grand Jury.

Among these persons is Alexander Sullivan, one of the most conspicuous of the Irish leaders in this country, who was immediately arrested and committed to jail. The jury conclude their verdict with a declaration to which every honorable American citizen will heartily respond, "That in our judgment all secret societies whose objects are such as the evidence shows that of the Clan-na-Gael or United Brotherhood to be are not in harmony with and are injurious to American institutions."

It is this system of secret conspiracies to commit crimes, under the pretext of liberating Ireland, and the apparent indifference to such conspiracies, if not connivance with them, which constantly check and alienate the sympathy of honest men with the Irish cause. Mr. Parnell's statement that he had deliberately lied to the House of Commons in order to aid his purposes has undoubtedly been of great injury to Ireland among a people who are not secret conspirators even for a good cause. Whatever may be the faults of the English-speaking nations, they pursue their objects, even when they are Revolutionary, openly and frankly. It was in the town meeting, with free public speech, not in a secret chamber, with passwords and grips, that Sam Adams inspired the American revolution; and it was in the open field, under the recognized laws of war, not by assassinations and by wholesale crimes that involve men, women, and children in indiscriminate slaughter, that Washington and his soldiers fought for American independence. There is no excuse for soiling a great movement like that of local government for Ireland with the basest and most repulsive crimes. It is not enough for the leaders to disclaim such crimes. They should denounce and punish and prevent them.

AN IMPORTANT LETTER FROM MR. GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone has written a letter to Mr. Henry Clews to correct some misstatement of important facts in Mr. Clews's work, *Thirty Years in Wall Street*. The tone of Lord Palmerston, who was British Prime Minister during our civil war, and of Lord Russell, the Foreign Secretary, with the familiar remark of Mr. Gladstone that Jefferson Davis had created a nation, and the earnest correspondence between Mr. Adams, our Minister, and the British Foreign Office, led to a general conviction in this country that the British cabinet awaited only a plausible excuse and a fortunate situation to recognize the Confederacy.

Mr. Gladstone has rendered an important service to history by his denial, and Mr. Clews may be congratulated upon having elicited, although wholly without design, the authoritative explanation. Mr. Gladstone says:

> "Allow me to assure you that, so far as that cabinet is concerned, you have been entirely misled in regard to matters of fact. As a member of it, and now nearly its sole surviving member, I can state that it never at any time dealt with the subject of recognizing the Southern States in your great civil war, excepting when it learned the proposition of the Emperor Napoleon III., and declined to entertain that proposition, without qualification, hesitation, delay, or dissent. In the debate which took place on Mr. Roebuck's proposal for the negotiation, Lord Russell took no part, and could take none, as he was a member of the House of Lords. I spoke for the cabinet. You will, I am sure, be glad to learn that there is no foundation for a charge which, had it been true, might have aided in keeping alive angry sentiments happily gone by."

Mr. Gladstone's own remark about Jefferson Davis he has already amply explained. The words were unquestionably spoken, and they were unquestionably unfortunate, although they did not import either the desire or the glee which were attached to them in this country when they were spoken. What we instinctively demanded from Englishmen like Mr. Gladstone was what we found in John Bright, a clear perception of the real character and scope of the contest, which would have made our misfortune the disaster of the English-speaking race. This is now so plain that no recent event is so discreditable to this country, and so inconceivable as an act of the Republican party, as the practical refusal of the Senate, upon Mr. Sherman's motion, to pass a resolution of respect for the memory of the truest friend in Europe of this country in its extremity—John Bright. In his letter to Mr. Clews, Mr. Gladstone says of his own remark:

> "To your reference in page 70, as a record of impressions, which I am not entitled to use, I can make no objection, though you are probably aware that they were many years ago the subject of a detailed explanation from me to the American government, and of a most handsome reply from Mr. Hamilton Fish."

PERSONAL.

The portrait of General Grant which was placed last year on the walls of the Cadet Mess Hall at West Point by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, has been followed this year by the paintings of Generals Sherman and Sheridan, which are also the gifts of Mr. Childs. All three are the work of Mrs. Darragh, of Philadelphia. That of General Grant was painted from a photograph selected by Mrs. Grant, and is considered a faithful likeness of him as he appeared during and just after the war. The others are also copies of previous likenesses, although the artist was assisted by sittings of the originals. General Sherman is represented as he was fifteen years ago, Mrs. Darragh being guided by Huntington's portrait, which now hangs in the War Department. A photograph of General Sheridan, taken about the time he left Chicago to succeed Sherman in command of the army, and showing him in the full uniform of his rank, was selected by the great cavalry leader to aid the artist in her preliminary work, and he afterward gave her several sittings. Although greatly opposed at first to being painted by a woman, he was much pleased with the portrait, and requested that the old sabre which he carried through the war be represented in the picture. After General Sheridan's death, the artist changed the uniform in the portrait, so that it might coincide with the rank of General conferred on the hero while he was dying. Through the generosity of the Philadelphia editor the three central figures of the rebellion have thus found appropriate representation in the halls where they learned the art of war.

—Edward Burgess, the yacht designer, looks more like a professor of mathematics than a practical boat-builder. He is forty years old, member of an aristocratic Boston family, and a graduate of Harvard. His father's financial losses led him to become an instructor of entomology in his Alma Mater, and for fifteen years he was Secretary of the Society of Natural History in Boston. Possessing a natural taste for mathematics, Mr. Burgess readily drifted from the study of bugs to the designing of yachts, and in his present avocation he has found both pleasure and financial profit. With his wife and two children he now lives in a handsome house on Boston's select thoroughfare—Beacon Street.

—James Russell Lowell's return from his present trip to Europe will also be a return to "Elmwood," his beautiful homestead at Cambridge, Massachusetts, which has been leased by Mrs. Ole Bull for a number of years. His only daughter, Mrs. Edward Burnett, will live with him, as her two sons are to enter Harvard this fall.

—Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, the champion of the Nicaragua Canal, was a school-mate of General Grant in Ohio, and was appointed a midshipman in the navy the same year that young Grant was made a cadet at West Point. They always remained close friends, and General Grant was greatly disappointed when he was made President because Ammen, then fleet captain of the Asiatic squadron, would not resign and become Secretary of the Navy.

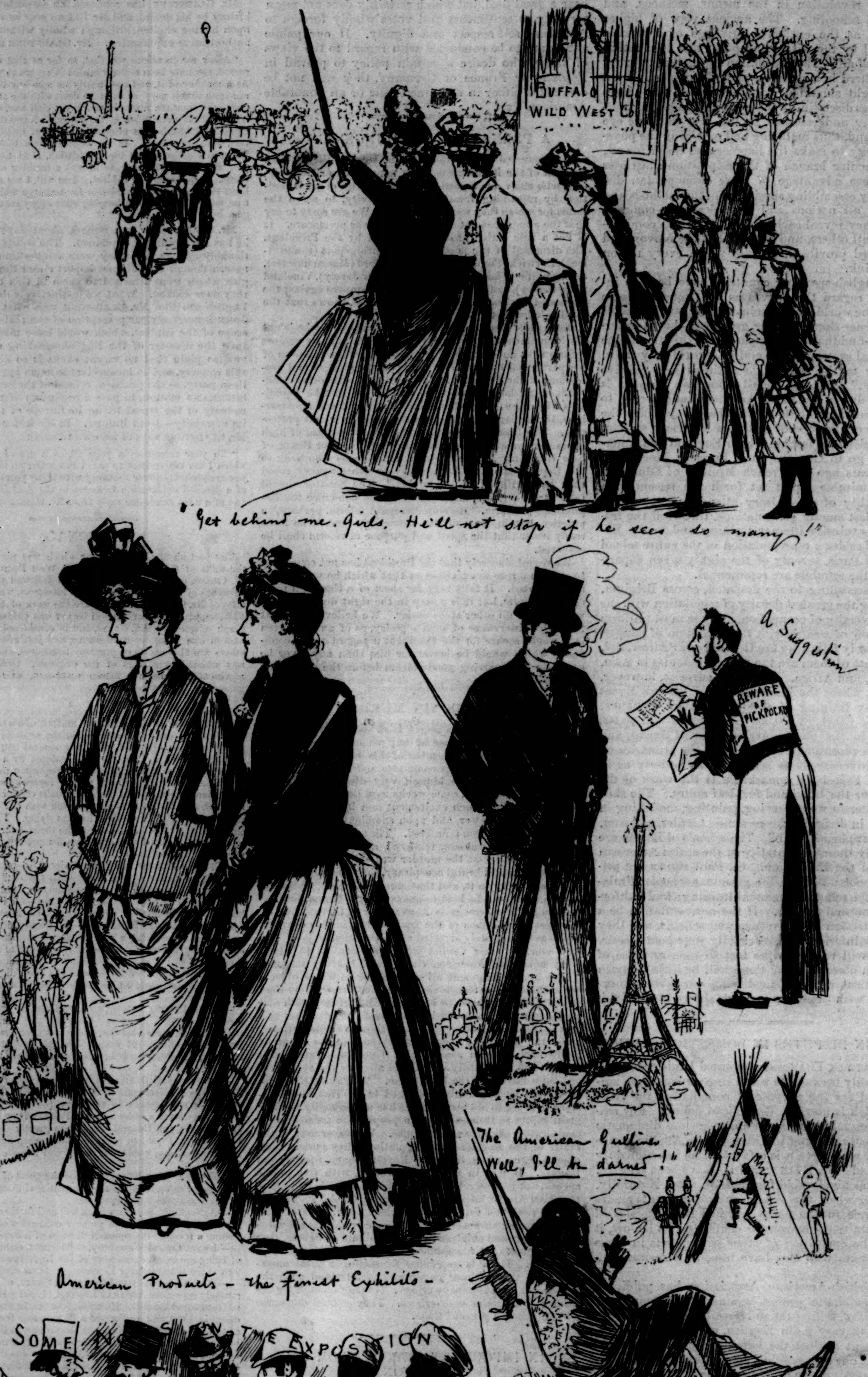
—Professor Max Müller is to be the guest of the King of Sweden during the meeting of the International Congress of Orientalists at Stockholm next September.

—Agricultural Secretary Rusk will still further demonstrate his fitness to preside over the granger economics of the country by writing a book on the common diseases of horses and cattle.

—Israel Coe, of Waterbury, Connecticut, claims the distinction of being the oldest ex-member of the Legislature of that State, as well as the oldest nutmeg Freemason. He is ninety-four years old.

—It is said of the late Leonard H. Swett, of Chicago, that he strongly resembled Abraham Lincoln, his old and intimate friend, in feature and manner. He nominated Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency in 1860, and performed a like service for Judge Gresham at the last Republican National Convention in Chicago. He was born and educated in Maine, but drifted to Indiana in 1846. Then he went to the Mexican war, and when he was discharged, on account of illness, settled in Bloomington, Illinois, and began the law practice which afterward brought him into intimate association with Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Swett was married twice, the last time, about two years ago, to his private secretary.

—Captain George A. Armes, the retired army officer at Washington, who disgraced himself during and after the last Presidential inauguration by pulling Governor Beaver's nose and indulging in other remarkable conduct, and escaped full punishment through the interposition of President Harrison, has probably survived more courts-martial and their findings than any other soldier in the country. Three Presidents have intervened between him and dismissal—Hayes, Garfield, and Harrison. He was a Virginian, but joined the Union army at the breaking out of the war, and is credited with an irritable temperament over which he has little or no control.



"Get behind me, Girls. He'll not stop if he sees so many!"

A Suggestion

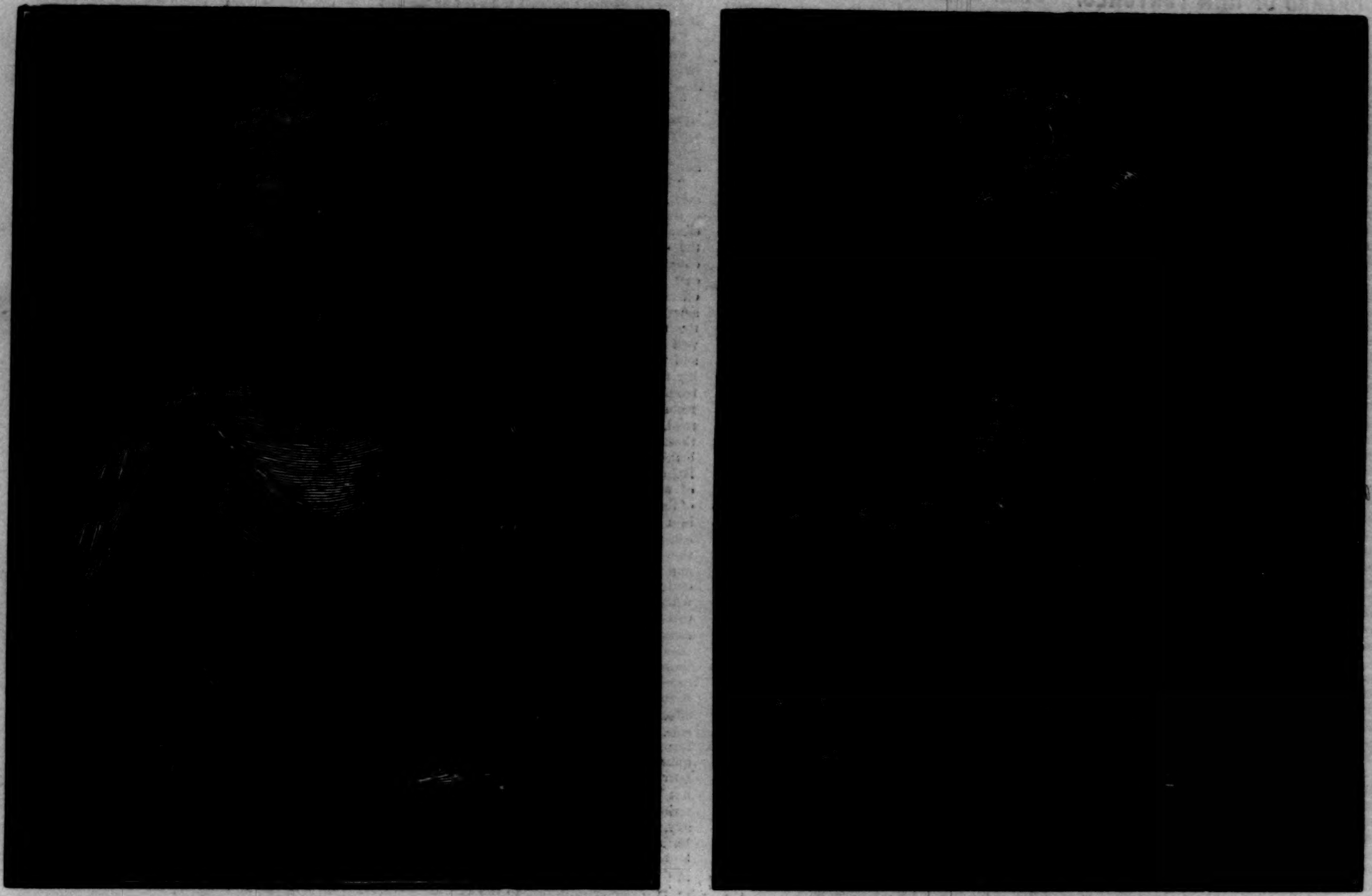
American Products – the Finest Exhibits –

The American Gulliver. Well, I'll be darned!"

The Most Popular American in Paris –

BUFFALO BILL'S
WILD WEST CO.
BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS
SOME NOTES ON THE EXPOSITION
By C. S. Reinhart

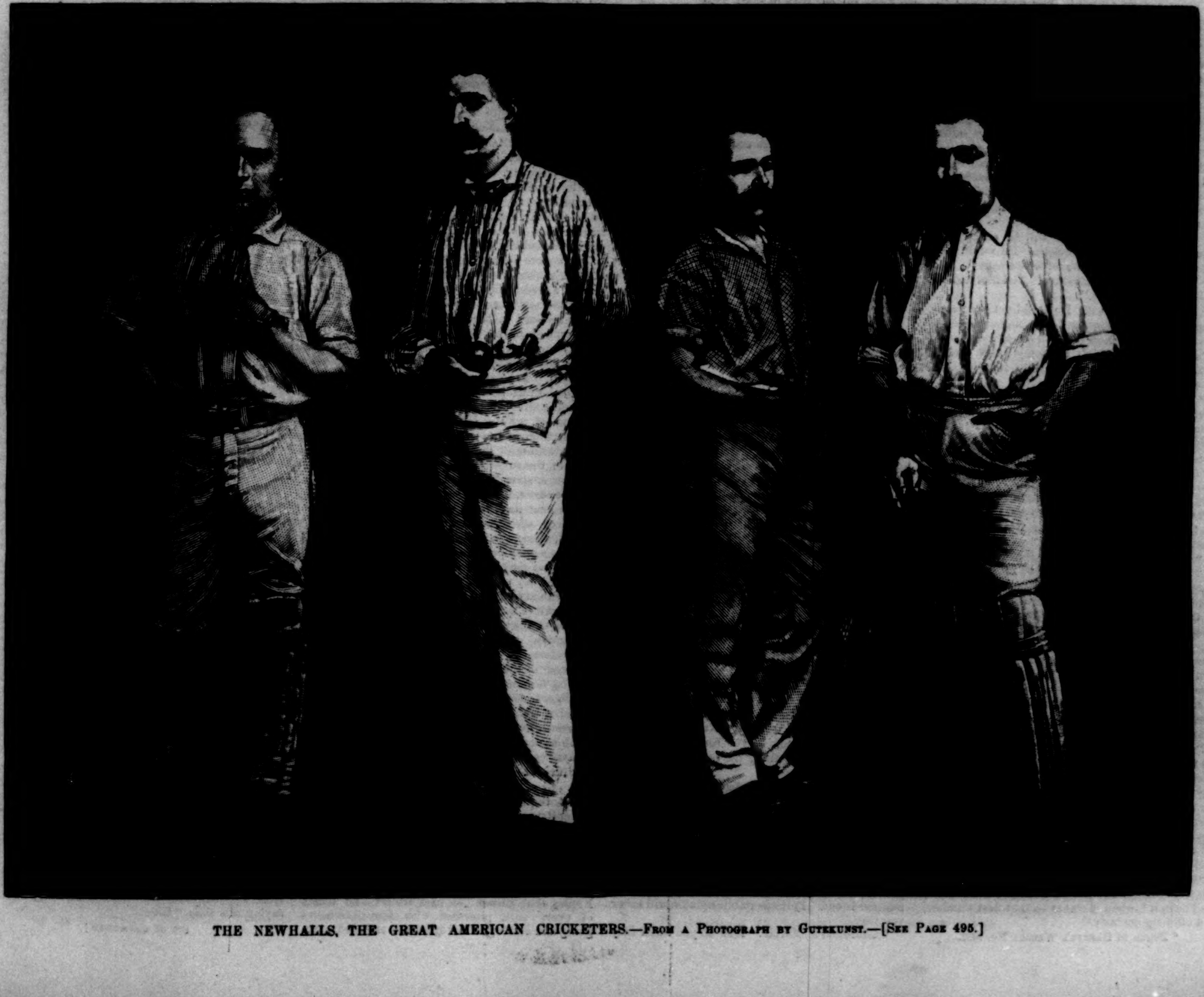
SKETCHES FROM THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 499.]



EDWIN BOOTH AS "BRUTUS."

JOHN GILBERT AS "SIR PETER TEAZLE."

BUSTS FOR THE PLAYERS' CLUB.—J. Scott Hartley, Sculptor.—[See Page 499.]



THE NEWHALLS, THE GREAT AMERICAN CRICKETERS.—From a Photograph by Gutekunst.—[See Page 495.]

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.

XI.

AT the reception, where two men in livery stood aside to let him pass up the outside steps of the house, and two more helped him off with his overcoat in-doors, and a fifth miscalled his name into the drawing-room, the Syracuse stone-cutter's son met the niece of Mrs. Horn, and began at once to tell her about his evening at the Dryfooses'. He was in very good spirits, for so far as he could have been elated or depressed by his parting with Alma Leighton he had been elated; she had not treated his impudence with the contempt that he felt it deserved; she must still be fond of him; and the warm sense of this, by operation of an obscure but well-recognized law of the masculine being, disposed him to be rather fond of Miss Vance. She was a slender girl, whose semi-æsthetic dress flowed about her with an accentuation of her long forms, and redeemed them from censure by the very frankness with which it confessed them; nobody could have said that Margaret Vance was too tall. Her pretty little head, which she had an effect of choosing to have little in the same spirit of judicious defiance, had a good deal of reading in it; she was proud to know literary and artistic fashions as well as society fashions. She liked being singled out by an exterior distinction so obvious as Beaton's, and she listened with sympathetic interest to his account of those people. He gave their natural history reality by drawing upon his own; he reconstructed their plebeian past from the experiences of his childhood and his youth of the pre-Parisian period; and he had a pang of suicidal joy in insulting their ignorance of the world.

"What different kinds of people you meet!" said the girl at last, with an envious sigh. Her reading had enlarged the bounds of her imagination, if not her knowledge; the novels nowadays dealt so much with very common people, and made them seem so very much more worth while than the people one met.

She said something like this to Beaton. He answered: "You can meet the people I'm talking of very easily, if you want to take the trouble. It's what they came to New York for. I fancy it's the great ambition of their lives to be met."

"Oh yes," said Miss Vance, fashionably, and looked down; then she looked up and said, intellectually: "Don't you think it's a great pity? How much better for them to have staid where they were and what they were!"

"Then you could never have had any chance of meeting them," said Beaton. "I don't suppose you intend to go out to the gas country?"

"No," said Miss Vance, amused. "Not that I shouldn't like to go."

"What a daring spirit! You ought to be on the staff of *Every Other Week*," said Beaton.

"The staff—*Every Other Week!* What is it?"

"The missing link; the long-felt want of a tie between the Arts and the Dollars." Beaton gave her a very picturesque, a very dramatic sketch of the theory, the purpose, and the *personnel* of the new enterprise.

Miss Vance understood too little about business of any kind to know how it differed from other enterprises of its sort. She thought it was delightful; she thought Beaton must be glad to be part of it, though he had represented himself so bored, so injured, by Fulkerson's insisting upon having him. "And is it a secret? Is it a thing not to be spoken of?"

"*Tutt' altro!* Fulkerson will be enraptured to have it spoken of in society. He would pay any reasonable bill for the advertisement."

"What a delightful creature! Tell him it shall all be spent in charity."

"He would like that. He would get two paragraphs out of the fact, and your name would go into the 'Literary Notes' of all the newspapers."

"Oh, but I shouldn't want my *name* used!" cried the girl, half horrified into fancying the situation real.

"Then you'd better not say anything about *Every Other Week*. Fulkerson is preternaturally unscrupulous."

March began to think so too, at times. He was perpetually suggesting changes in the make-up of the first number, with a view to its greater vividness of effect. One day he came in and said: "This thing isn't going to have any sort of get up and howl about it, unless you have a paper in the first number going for Bevans's novels. Better get Maxwell to do it."

"Why, I thought you liked Bevans's novels?"

"So I do; but where the good of *Every Other Week* is concerned I am a Roman father. The popular gag is to abuse Bevans, and Maxwell is the man to do it. There hasn't been a new magazine started for the last three years that hasn't had an article from Maxwell in its first number cutting Bevans all to pieces. If people don't see it, they'll think *Every Other Week* is some old thing."

March did not know whether Fulkerson was joking or not. He suggested, "Perhaps they'll think it's an old thing if they do see it."

"Well, get somebody else, then; or else get Maxwell to write under an assumed name. Or—I forgot! He'll be anonymous under our system anyway. Now there ain't a more popular racket for us to work in that first number than a good, swingeing attack on Bevans. People read his books and quarrel over 'em, and the critics are all against him, and a regular flaying, with salt and vinegar rubbed in afterward, will tell more with people who like good old-fashioned fiction than anything else. *I* like Bevans's things, but, dad burn it! when it comes to that first number, I'd offer up anybody."

"What an immoral little wretch you are, Fulkerson!" said March, with a laugh.

Fulkerson appeared not to be very strenuous about the attack on the novelist. "Say!" he called out, gayly, "what should you think of a paper defending the late lamented system of slavery?"

"What *do* you mean, Fulkerson?" asked March, with a puzzled smile.

Fulkerson braced his knees against his desk, and pushed himself back, but kept his balance to the eye by canting his hat sharply forward. "There's an old cock over there at the widow's that's written a book to prove that slavery was and is the only solution of the labor problem. He's a Southerner."

"I should imagine," March assented.

"He's got it on the brain that if the South could have been let alone by the commercial spirit and the pseudo-philanthropy of the North, it would have worked out slavery into a perfectly ideal condition for the laborer, in which he would have been insured against want, and protected in all his personal rights by the state. He read the introduction to me last night. I didn't catch on to all the points—his daughter's an awfully pretty girl, and I was carrying that fact in my mind all the time too, you know—but that's about the gist of it."

"Seems to regard it as a lost opportunity?" said March.

"Exactly! What a mighty catchy title, heigh? Look well on the title-page."

"Well written?"

"I reckon so; I don't know. The Colonel read it mighty eloquently."

"It mightn't be such bad business," said March, in a muse. "Could you get me a sight of it without committing yourself?"

"If the Colonel hasn't sent it off to another publisher this morning. He just got it back with thanks yesterday. He likes to keep it travelling."

"Well, try it. I've a notion it might be a curious thing."

"Look here, March," said Fulkerson, with the effect of taking a fresh hold; "I *wish* you could let me have one of those New York things of yours for the first number. After all, that's going to be the great card."

"I couldn't, Fulkerson; I couldn't, really. I want to philosophize the material, and I'm too new to it all yet. I don't want to do merely superficial sketches."

"Of course! Of course! I understand that. Well, I don't want to hurry you. Seen that old fellow of yours yet? I think we ought to have that translation in the first number; don't you? We want to give 'em a notion of what we're going to do in that line."

"Yes," said March; "and I was going out to look up Lindau this morning. I've inquired at Maroni's, and he hasn't been there for several days. I've some idea perhaps he's sick. But they gave me his address, and I'm going to see."

"Well, that's right. We want the first number to be the key-note in every way."

March shook his head. "You can't make it so. The first number is bound to be a failure always, as far as the representative character goes. It's invariably the case. Look at the first numbers of all the things you've seen started. They're experimental, almost amateurish, and necessarily so, not only because the men that are making them up are comparatively inexperienced like ourselves, but because the material sent them to deal with is more or less consciously tentative. People send their adventurous things to a new periodical because the whole thing is an adventure. I've noticed that quality in all the volunteer contributions; it's in the articles that have been done to order even. No; I've about made up my mind that if we can get one good striking paper into the first number that will take people's minds off the others, we shall be doing all we can possibly hope for. I should like," March added, less seriously, "to make up three numbers ahead, and publish the third one first."

Fulkerson dropped forward and struck his fist on the desk. "It's a first-rate idea. Why not *do* it?"

March laughed. "Fulkerson, I don't believe there's any quackish thing you wouldn't do in this cause. From time to time I'm thoroughly ashamed of being connected with such a charlatan."

Fulkerson struck his hat sharply backward. "Ah, dad burn it! To give that thing the right kind of start I'd walk up and down Broadway between two boards, with the title-page of *Every Other Week* fac-similed on one and my name and address on the—" He jumped to his feet and shouted, "March, I'll *do* it!"

"*What?*"

"I'll hire a lot of fellows to make mud-turtles of themselves, and I'll have a lot of big fac-similes of the title-page, and I'll paint the town red!"

March looked aghast at him. "Oh, come, now, Fulkerson!"

"I mean it. I was in London when a new man had taken hold of the old *Cornhill*, and they were trying to boom it, and they had a procession of these mud-turtles that reached from Charing Cross to Temple Bar. '*Cornhill Magazine.* Sixpence. Not a dull page in it.' I said to myself then that it was the livest thing I ever saw. I respected the man that did that thing from the bottom of my heart. I wonder I ever forgot it. But it shows what a shaky thing the human mind is at its best."

"You infamous mountebank!" said March, with great amusement at Fulkerson's access; "you call that congeries of advertising instincts of yours the human mind at its best? Come, don't be so diffident, Fulkerson. Well, I'm off to find Lindau, and when I come back I hope Mr. Dryfoos will have you under control. I don't suppose you'll be quite sane again till after the first number is out. Perhaps public opinion will sober you then."

"Confound it, March! How do you think they *will* take it? I swear I'm getting so nervous I don't know half the time which end of me is up. I believe if we don't get that thing out by the first of February it 'll be the death of me."

"Couldn't wait till Washington's Birthday? I was thinking it would give the day a kind of distinction, and strike the public imagination, if—"

"No, I'll be dogged if I could!" Fulkerson lapsed more and more into the parlance of his early life in this season of strong excitement. "I believe if Beaton lags any on the art-leg I'll kill him."

"Well, *I* shouldn't mind your killing Beaton," said March, tranquilly, as he went out.

He went over to Third Avenue and took the elevated down to Chatham Square. He found the variety of people in the car as unfailingly entertaining as ever. He rather preferred the east side to the west side lines, because they offered more nationalities, conditions, and characters to his inspection. They draw not only from the uptown American region, but from all the vast hive of populations swarming between them and the East River. He had found that, according to the hour, American husbands going to and from business, and American wives going to and from shopping, prevailed on the Sixth Avenue road, and that the most picturesque admixture to these familiar aspects of human nature were the brilliant eyes and complexions of the American Hebrews, who otherwise contributed to the effect of well-clad comfort and citizen-self-satisfaction of the crowd. Now and then he had found himself in a car mostly filled with Neapolitans from the constructions far up the line, where he had read that they are worked and fed and housed like beasts; and listening to the jargon of their unintelligible dialect, he had occasion for pensive question within himself as to what notion these poor animals formed of a free republic from their experience of life under its conditions; and whether they found them practically very different from those of the immemorial brigandage and enforced complicity with rapine under which they had been born. But, after all, this was an infrequent effect, however massive, of travel on the west side, whereas the east offered him continual entertainment in like sort. The sort was never quite so squalid. For short distances the lowest poverty, the hardest pressed labor, must walk; but March never entered a car without encountering some interesting shape of shabby adversity, which was almost always adversity of foreign birth. New York is still popularly supposed to be in the control of the Irish, but March noticed in these east side travels of his what must strike every observer returning to the city after a prolonged absence: the numerical subordination of the dominant race. If they do not out-vote them, the people of Germanic, of Slavonic, of Pelasgic, of Mongolian stock, outnumber the prepotent Celts; and March seldom found his speculation centred upon one of these. The small eyes, the high cheeks, the broad noses, the puff lips, the bare, cue-filleted skulls, of Russians, Poles, Czechs, Chinese; the furtive glitter of Italians; the blond dulness of Germans; the cold quiet of Scandinavians—fire under ice—were aspects that he identified, and that gave him abundant suggestion for the personal histories he constructed, and for the more public-spirited reveries in which he dealt with the future economy of our heterogeneous commonwealth. It must be owned that he did not take much trouble about this; what these poor people were thinking, hoping, fearing, enjoying, suffering; just where and how they lived; who and what they individually were—these were the matters of his waking dreams as he stared hard at them, while the train raced further into the gay ugliness—the shapeless, graceless, reckless picturesqueness of the Bowery.

There were certain signs, certain façades, certain audacities of the prevailing hideousness that always amused him in that uproar to the eye which the strident forms and colors made. He was interested in the insolence with which the railway had drawn its erasing line across the Corinthian front of an old theatre, almost grazing its fluted pillars, and flouting its dishonored pediment. The colossal effigies of the fat women and the tuft-headed Circassian girls of cheap museums; the vistas of shabby cross streets; the survival of an old hip-roofed house here and there at their angles; the Swiss-chalet, histrionic decorativeness of the stations in prospect or retrospect; the vagaries of the lines that narrowed together or stretched apart according to the width of the avenue, but always in wanton disregard of the life that dwelt, and bought and sold, and rejoiced or sorrowed, and clattered or crawled, around, below, above—were features of the frantic panorama that perpetually touched his sense of humor and moved his sympathy. Accident and then exigency seemed the forces at work to this extraordinary effect; the play of energies as free and planless as those that force the forest from the soil to the sky; and then the fierce struggle for survival, with the stronger life persisting over the deformity, the mutilation, the destruction, the decay of the weaker. The whole at moments seemed to him lawless, Godless; the absence of intelligent, comprehensive purpose in the huge disorder, and the violent struggle to subordinate the result to the greater good, penetrated with its dumb appeal the consciousness of a man who had always been too self-enwrapt to perceive the chaos to which the individual selfishness must always lead.

But there was still nothing definite, nothing better than a vague discomfort, however poignant, in his half recognition of such facts; and he descended the station stairs at Chatham Square, with a sense of the neglected opportunities of painters in that locality. He said to himself that if one of those fellows were to see in Naples that turmoil of cars, trucks, and teams of every sort, intershot with foot-passengers going and coming to and from the crowded pavements, under the web of the railroad tracks overhead, and amidst the spectacular approach of the streets that open into the square, he would have it down in his sketch-book at once. He decided simultaneously that his own local studies must be illustrated, and that he must come with the artist and show him just which bits to do, not knowing that the two arts can never approach the same material from the same point. He thought he would particularly like his illustrator to render the Dickensy, cockneyish quality of the shabby-genteel ballad-seller of whom he stopped to ask his way to the street where Lindau lived, and whom he instantly perceived to be, with his stock in trade, the sufficient object of an entire study by himself. He had his ballads strung singly upon a cord against the house wall, and held down in piles on the pavement with stones and blocks of wood. Their control in this way intimated a volatility which was not perceptible in their sentiment. They were mostly tragical or doleful; some of them dealt with the wrongs of the working-man; others appealed to a gay experience of the high seas; but vastly the greater part to memories and associations of an Irish origin; some still uttered the poetry of plantation life in the artless accents of the end-man. Where they trusted themselves, with syntax that yielded promptly to any exigency of rhythmic art, to the ordinary American speech, it was to strike directly for the affections, to celebrate the domestic ties, and, above all, to embalm the memories of angel and martyr mothers, whose dissipated sons deplored their sufferings too late. March thought this not at all a bad thing in them; he smiled in patronage of their simple pathos; he paid the tribute of a laugh when the poet turned, as he sometimes did, from his conception of angel and martyr motherhood, and portrayed the mother in her more familiar phases of virtue and duty, with the retributive shingle or slipper in her hand. He bought a pocketful of this literature, popular in a sense which the most successful book can never be, and enlisted the ballad vender so deeply in the effort to direct him to Lindau's dwelling by the best way that he neglected another customer, till a sarcasm on his absent-mindedness stung him to retort, "I'm a-trying to answer a gentleman a civil question; that's where the absent-minded comes in."

It seemed for some reason to be a day of leisure with the Chinese dwellers in Mott Street, which March had been advised to take first. They stood about the tops of basement stairs, and walked two and two along the dirty pavement, with their little hands tucked into their sleeves across their breasts, aloof in immaculate cleanliness from the filth around them, and scrutinizing the scene with that cynical sneer of faint surprise to which all aspects of our civilization seem to move their superiority. Their numbers gave ethnical character to the street, and rendered not them, but what was foreign to them, strange there; so that March had a sense of missionary quality in the old Catholic church, built long before their incursion was dreamt of. It seemed to have come to them there, and he fancied in the statued saint that looked down from its façade something not so much tolerant as tolerated, something propitiatory, almost deprecative. It was a fancy, of course; the street was sufficiently peopled with Christian children, at any rate, swarming and shrieking at their games; and presently a Christian mother appeared, pushed along by two policemen on a handcart, with a gelatinous tremor over the paving and a gelatinous jouncing at the curb-stones. She lay with her face to the sky, sending up an inarticulate lamentation; but the indifference of the officers forbade the notion of tragedy in her case. She was perhaps a local celebrity; the children left off their games, and ran gayly trooping after her; even the young fellow and young girl exchanging playful blows in a robust flirtation at the corner of a liquor store suspended their scuffle with a pleased interest as she passed. March understood the unwillingness of the poor to leave the worst conditions in the city for comfort and plenty in the country when he reflected upon this dramatic incident, one of many no doubt which daily occur to entertain them in such streets. A small town could rarely offer anything comparable to it, and the country never. He said that if life appeared so hopeless to him as it must to the dwellers in that neighborhood he should not himself be willing to quit its distractions, its alleviations, for the vague promise of unknown good in the distance somewhere.

But what charm could such a man as Lindau find in such a place? It could not be that he lived there because he was too poor to live elsewhere: with a shutting of the heart, March refused to believe this as he looked round on the abounding evidences of misery, and guiltily remembered his neglect of his old friend. Lindau could probably find as cheap a lodging in some decenter part of the town; and in fact there was some amelioration of the prevailing squalor in the quieter street which he turned into from Mott.

A woman with a tied-up face of toothache opened the door for him when he pulled, with a shiver of foreboding, the bell knob, from which a yard of rusty crape dangled. But it was not Lindau who was dead, for the woman said he was at home, and sent March stumbling up the four or five dark flights of stairs that led to his tenement. It was quite at the top of the house, and when March obeyed the German-English "Komm!" that followed his knock, he found himself in a kitchen where a meagre breakfast was scattered in stale fragments on the table before the stove. The place was bare and cold; a half-empty beer bottle scarcely gave it a convivial air. On the left from this kitchen was a room with a bed in it, which seemed also to be a cobbler's shop; on the right, through a door that stood ajar, came the German-English voice again, saying this time, "Hier!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1663.

LOVERS' LANE.

On a gay spring day,
Said Will to May:
"You seem like a dream, and yet you are none.
You might be a flower, touched by the sun
In hair and eyes and your glances at me,
And yet you are only May Willoughby!"

All under white drift
Of clouds that shift
With color of heaven quiet between,
A smile like a butterfly sent a sheen
Over her lips, and a thrill very shy
Made deeper the eyes of May Willoughby.

"Though I've known you long,"
Said he, while the song
Of a bird danced out of a pale green tree,
"You've always been dearest May Willoughby."
The blood of a rose swept over her brow,
And she spoke no word; but they're married now.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

THE NEWHALL BROTHERS.

One noticeable feature in cricket is the fact that, although it can be made very rigorous as an exercise, still the playing of it can be enjoyed by men who would not be considered exactly active athletes. A glance at those who play cricket will show many men at the stage of middle life, and sometimes beyond it. There are very few athletic pastimes that can be enjoyed by the older class of men, but cricket seems to have patrons of all ages. This game in America, as those who have watched its growth know well, has been largely indebted to the energy and personal influence of one family. Twenty-nine years ago the name of Newhall was already known in connection with cricket. In Philadelphia there is a family of ten brothers of that name, and they all have more or less figured prominently in the game which the family name is so much associated with. One figure in our accompanying illustration represents Mr. Robert Stuart Newhall in his cricket attire. He was born at Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia, on September 16, 1852. He was only sixteen years old when he was promoted into the first eleven of the Young America Cricket Club, which had been founded by his brother Walter, and which had received the assistance of all the other cricketing members of the family. This was in the spring of 1868, and the form showed during the ensuing summer was so promising that he was deemed worthy of a place in the twenty-two of Philadelphia, which played Edgar Willsher's All-England Eleven in October of the same year.

Although Mr. Newhall only contributed 3 and 0 (each time not out) in this match, nevertheless the defence which he displayed to the lightning deliveries which were given him stamped him as a cricketer of more than ordinary ability. He was not successful against the powerful eleven of English amateurs which visited America in 1872, but two years later he was one of the members of the Philadelphia team which beat All-Canada and the British Officers' Eleven at Halifax, Nova Scotia. From that year to 1884 he played in numerous matches with success. He was captain of the Philadelphian Amateurs which visited England in 1884. Since then he has not done much. He was noted as driving a very hard ball, keeping it well on the ground, and placing it with judgment. He never did much bowling, but was a sure field, and it can be stated truthfully that his performances wherever he visited were of the kind to give the highest satisfaction to the friends of American cricket.

George M. Newhall made his début at the old Germantown grounds twenty-eight years ago. The enthusiasm of the time was divided between his brother Walter, the oldest of the family, and himself, the former as a good batsman and George as a bowler. He soon rose to a prominent place, and what he subsequently lost as a bowler was more than made up by his abilities as a batsman. He was one of the founders of the Young America Cricket Club, and is greatly responsible for the growth of that organization. He is noted for both the theory and the practical playing of his favorite game, and his almost faultless judgment of gauging the play of other contestants is far-famed. In 1881 he retired from active participation in the game, and has not done much since, but this year he will captain the Gentlemen of Philadelphia on their tour to England. He has lost none of his old-time play, and his remarkable head-work made him the choice for the prominent position he has just taken.

Twenty-six years ago Mr. Charles A. Newhall played his first important match, and since then no American eleven has been complete without him. He has had a truly remarkable career, and passing over his domestic performances, a few figures will give an idea of the respect which he compels the best batsmen of England and Australia to feel for his bowling. In the match in 1868 against Willsher's professional eleven his record in the first innings was 29 overs, 48 runs, 11 maidens, 6 wickets; and in the second innings, 18 overs, 21 runs, 8 maidens, and 5 wickets—in all, making 11 wickets for 69 runs, including Griffith, Lilywhite, Charlwood, Freeman, etc. He played in all the important matches in 1872, '74, '78, '79, '81, and '82. In 1884 he was one of the "Gentlemen of Philadelphia" in England, but in the preliminary practising at Liverpool he strained his back, and was unable to take part in the earlier games. Afterward he bowled in several matches, but not being fully recovered, the injury to his back was intensified to such an extent that many think his bowling has never since regained its great effectiveness. His analysis for those matches in which he took part in England was 1525 balls, 168 maidens, 683 runs, and 36 wickets. The only occasion on which he displayed anything like his true form was against Gloucestershire, his analysis there reading: First innings, 27 overs, 41 runs, 10 maidens, and 3 wickets; second innings, 29 overs, 24 runs, 18 maidens, and 5 wickets—in all, 8 wickets for 65 runs. Since his accident his bowling has not been up to his old performances, but if we take his performances against every English, Irish, and Australian team that has played in this country from 1868 to 1884, we find his analysis to read 3204 balls, 1049 runs, 369 maidens, and 101 wickets—an average of about 10 runs to a wicket—against the best batsmen in the world, during a period extending over sixteen years; a record unparalleled in the history of American cricket, and one which has probably never been equalled in any country where the game is played. He will always be known as the greatest bowler which America has yet had.

Daniel S. Newhall is the next oldest to Robert S. He is still active in the field, and is known as the king of all-round players. He probably is to-day the most prominent figure in American cricket. He states that he attributes much of his success and that of the family to the fact that as boys they played together nearly every day, and with the exception of Robert, the youngest, all were pretty much self-taught. Daniel has never made a specialty in any one feature of the game, but his general knowledge of it enables him to fill almost any position on the field. It has been said quite often that if he should take up any one position in the game, he would undoubtedly make a great mark at it, but he prefers to have his knowledge of general play, rather than to be a celebrated specialist. There is no point in the game on which he is not qualified to speak, and in all his matches he has shown the generalship and adaptability for which he is famed.

THE SEATTLE FIRE.

The fire that consumed the business district of Seattle, Washington Territory, on the 6th instant, may well be termed a conflagration. It broke out at 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon in the premises of the Seattle Candy Factory, at the corner of Front and Madison streets, and by midnight thirty-one blocks of buildings, covering an area of sixty-four acres, were in ruins. The city, therefore, with the exception of the residence quarter, which is situated on the heights overlooking the harbor, was obliterated as effectively, if not as suddenly, by the flames, as were the towns in the Conemaugh Valley by the flood. The building in which the fire originated was a type of the structures that were very common in the business centre of Seattle. It was one of a row of wooden stores joined together and of varying height. Interspersed among such frame buildings, however, there were many large and substantial edifices, some of which reflected great credit upon the place. When the fire began a strong wind was blowing from the northwest. The roofs of the wooden structures were almost as dry as tinder, and were easily set in a blaze by the showers of sparks and flying fragments of burning wood. The contents of the stores in many instances were of a highly inflammable, sometimes of an explosive, nature, and thus the flames were constantly fed with new material.

It was soon obvious that the Volunteer Fire Department, although its operations were conducted with intelligent zeal and energy, was utterly unable to cope with the conflagration. The water supply was exhausted within two hours after the fire broke out, and the flames had a clean sweep. A great deal of property that had been moved at the earlier stages of the fire to places believed to be secure was burned up, so rapidly did the flames spread. Explosions of giant-powder, with a view of demolishing buildings in the path of the fire and checking its progress, were of no avail. The flames swept onward with relentless fury, leaping across street after street, and destroying block after block of stores, until a distance extending one mile north and south from the starting-point was laid in ashes. The entire water-front, and everything south of Union Street and west of Second Street, reaching around to the gas-works above Fourth Street on Jackson Street, were completely burned. Every bank, hotel, and place of amusement, all the principal business houses, every newspaper office, the several railroad stations, miles of wharves, all the coal bunkers, freight warehouses, and telegraph offices were consumed. The shipping at the docks escaped by dropping out into the stream.

The losses are variously estimated from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000. It is impossible to get an accurate statement as yet on this point. The real estate was generally unmortgaged. One prominent resident of Seattle now in the East is of the opinion that $4,000,000 more nearly approximates the value of the property destroyed than any other figure. However this may be, the people of Seattle are not disposed to look upon the visitation as an unmitigated calamity. The fire did not reach the residence part of the city, where its unstayed progress would have left utter destitution. The blocks of cheap wooden buildings that have been swept away will be replaced by finer and more substantial structures, a fact in itself which will afford large compensation for the destruction of the Opera-house, the Continental Hotel, some of the bank edifices, and a few of the wholesale stores that possessed claims to architectural beauty. The lodging-house district and the slums were entirely wiped out of existence. Laborers were set to work as soon as practicable to clear away the débris, and in less than a week the people had recovered from the shock, and were laboring with renewed enthusiasm.

Considering the magnitude of the fire there was comparatively little loss of life to be deplored. It is believed that not more than five persons perished. Temporary relief was promptly supplied to the hungry and homeless by the generous citizens of Portland and Tacoma—the latter city, entirely forgetting for the moment her bitter rivalry with Seattle, sending her fire department to assist in quenching the flames. The promptitude with which the country at large responded to the call for aid did much toward alleviating the destress of those who were made destitute. Since the fire the entire burned district has been under the control of the militia and a special police force, no unauthorized persons being permitted to enter the ravaged area. A recent despatch from Judge Lewis, chairman of the Relief Committee at Seattle, says: "A careful examination discloses much destitution that might be relieved. Thousands are being fed and lodged. The work of rebuilding has begun. Soon more labor will be employed, but hundreds meanwhile must live in tents for months."

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S MONUMENT.

The personal friends of Chester Allan Arthur have raised a monument to his memory in Rural Cemetery, at Albany. He lies buried there by the side of his wife. It is fitting that personal friendship should find its expression in the late President's memorial, for no one knew its value so well as Mr. Arthur. They who conceived and carried out the project which culminated in the ceremonial of last Saturday were his friends before he was President, and not because he became the Chief Magistrate of the nation. The suggestion of the monument was made on the journey back to New York from the funeral at Albany. Without public proclamation of their desires and purposes, without arousing public sympathies, quietly, decently, and with the dignity that Mr. Arthur loved in those last years which he spent in Washington, the fund was raised and the monument was erected. The chief contributors and the memorial committee were Mr. John H. Starin, Mr. C. N. Bliss, Mr. Stephen B. French, Mr. Elihu Root, Mr. Howard Carroll, Mr. Daniel G. Rollins, and Mr. George Bliss. The sum that was raised was greatly in excess of the requirements of the purpose of the originators of the Albany monument, and more than $15,000 remains in the hands of the treasurer. This is to be expended for a statue of Mr. Arthur, which will be erected in this city.

If memorials of our noteworthy public men are to be built, there is every reason why Mr. Arthur's monument should be among them. The time has gone by when he can be made the object-lesson in a dissertation upon the evils of practical politics. What he did or did not do as a local party leader in New York may well be permitted to rest with him in his grave. The reason for his journey to Albany when he was Vice-President, to secure the return to the Senate of his old leader, has been told. There are those who are satisfied with it and those who are not. The truth remains that when the assassination of Mr. Garfield made Mr. Arthur President, he rose to the occasion, and performed the functions of his office with dignity and grace.

It is not necessary to inquire as to his capacity or qualifications for the higher tasks of statesmanship, in considering the fitness of a public memorial of him. His carriage as the President amply justifies the homage that his friends have paid him. He undoubtedly did his utmost to follow worthily in the steps of the best who had gone before him. He made some mistakes, especially in the beginning of his term. He was advised against the most flagrant of them, and he bitterly repented them before he retired from his office. He was, at first, strongly under the influence of his early training and traditions. As the four years went on, he rose above them. He broke absolutely with his old leader, because the demand that was made upon him in the name of political comradeship was unworthy of the consideration of the President, although to grant it would have been doubtless gratifying to revengeful human nature. To those who had known his early political career there seemed to be a stronger revolution in his life. They had not understood the fine domestic atmosphere in which he lived when the doors of his home closed behind him. He lies now beside the woman who made that home what it was, and to whose memory he was always singularly loyal. The men with whom he had worked in party politics were rarely advanced beyond their merits, and when they were the mistake was due to the distorted point of view into which Mr. Arthur had been forced by his former close intimacy with them. At the same time, every man who had been his friend, and was worthy of his regard, remained so to the end. He was loyal to all who had his confidence. That was often misplaced, but it was not given while he was President, at all events, for the advancement of any ambition of his own. He executed the laws to the best of his ability. He asked for the assistance of his friends so far as he could, and he created a social atmosphere at the White House the like of which had not been known there for a generation.

Perhaps no man who has ever filled the office of President would have been more grateful for a second term. While he held the office he did his very best, but he felt throughout his term that he was regarded as an accident, and was not in the chief place by the people's choice. But no President has ever so sternly refused to use his office for the gratification of his desires. If for no other reason, there should be a tribute to Mr. Arthur for his complete aloofness from personal politics. No solicitation—and there was a great deal—prevailed against his resolution to do nothing to procure a nomination. If he had taken any part in the Convention of 1884, it would have been against the man who obtained the nomination. He had been the bitterest political and personal enemy that the President had had during his term of office. In the exercise of all its functions, he measured his office by the highest standard that had been set. If he failed as a leader and a statesman, because of deficient training, or his early environment, the country may well overlook his faults and his weaknesses in view of his evident fine appreciation of the great dignity of his office. He received it with modest trepidation, and administered it with the utmost conscientiousness.

Henry L. Nelson.

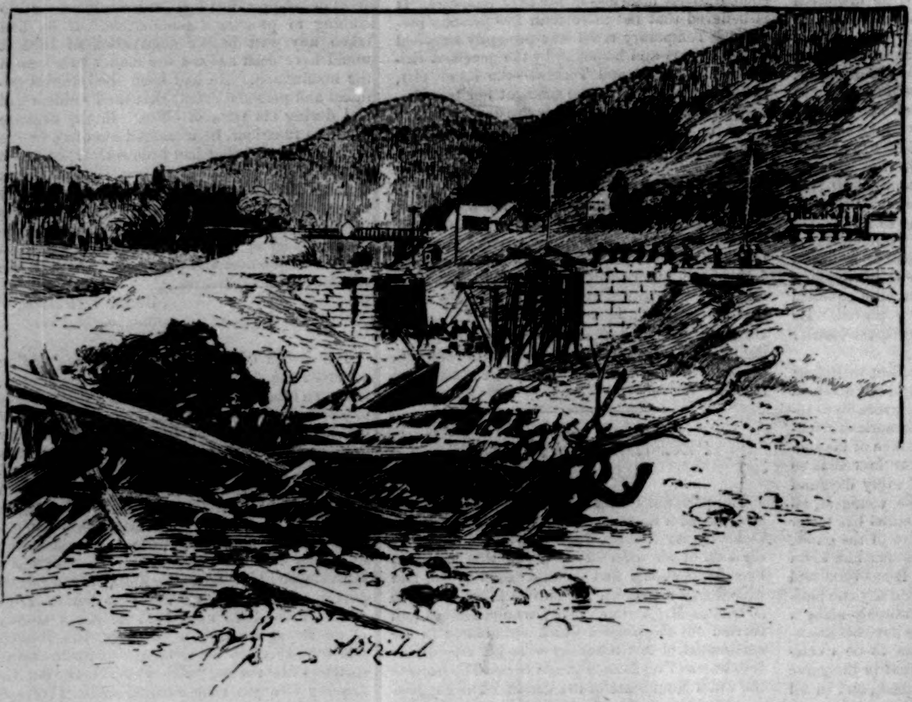
The design of the monument, comprehending a winged female figure of heroic size, in bronze, placing a bronze palm branch upon a sarcophagus of polished granite, is that of Ephraim Keyser, of this city, and very well sustains the deservedly high reputation that this sculptor already has gained by his statue of Baron de Kalb at Annapolis. Although an American (a Baltimorean) by birth, Mr. Keyser is better known in Europe than in his own country, for the several fine examples of his work which have come to America, excepting his "Psyche," in the Cincinnati Art Museum, and his "Baron de Kalb," are in private galleries. His training has been wholly European. From 1873 until 1877 he was a student in the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts, Munich, where he received the silver medal for his three-quarter-life statue, "The Page." During the ensuing two years he studied under Professor Albert Wolff, at Berlin, and there received, in 1879, the Michael Beer *prix de Rome*. From 1879 until 1886, excepting short intervals spent in his native country, he studied and worked in Italy. During the past two years his home and studio have been in New York. Among his more important works have been: "The Old Story," a youth and maiden, half-life, in Italian fifteenth-century costume, showing much tenderness of feeling combined with strong modelling, admirable composition, and a singular grace of pose; the airy conceit "Titania," a little less than half-life, the fairy queen, with Puck as footman, driving a span of squirrels in a coach made of a calla leaf, with sunflower wheels; "The Page" (of which a replica was in the Stewart collection), a three-quarter-life bronze that shows both the feeling and the technical qualities of the Italian Renaissance; the striking statue of Baron de Kalb (an order from the United States government), and the "Psyche" above mentioned, purchased by the Cincinnati Art Museum. Among the more notable of his portrait busts have been those of Sidney Lanier, Cardinal Gibbons, Henry Harland ("Sidney Luska"), and President Daniel C. Gilman.

The result of Mr. Keyser's six years of study and work in Rome has been to give him the large method and strong feeling of the antique, with the grace and refinement (but not the undue fussiness and irritating waste of skill in too elaborate detail) of the modern Italian school. The work immediately under consideration, in its distinctness and in its broadness, which is not sketchiness, but the intelligent elimination of irrelevant detail, very well illustrates the blending of these complementary qualities. Technically, in point of size, the figure is heroic, and it represents an emotion eminently susceptible of heroic treatment—grief. The strong, flowing lines, the massiveness of the handling, the simple majesty of the pose, all are in harmony with the artistic as well as with the sentimental requirements of the subject; while the delicate, finished modelling of the face, arms, and hands, the stroke of genius that has overcome the innate awkwardness of attaching wings to a human figure, and the vigorous, impressive action—notably exhibited in the fine curve gained by the slightly leaning attitude that, the weight being upon the right leg, throws out the right hip—are several points of excellence which combine to show a high degree of technical skill.

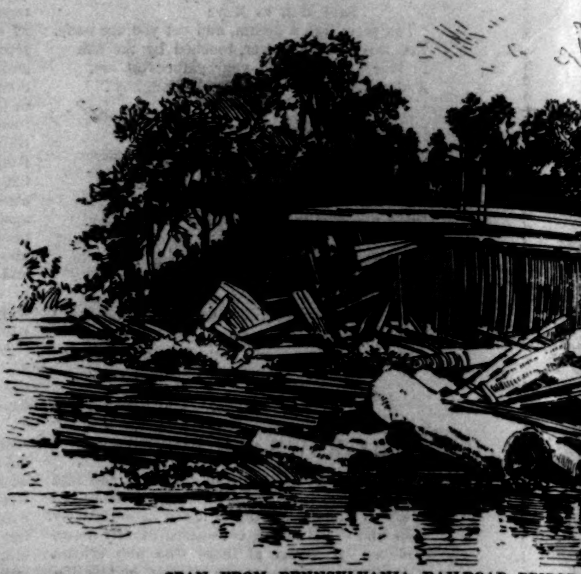
The effect produced as a whole is that of the relaxation, the unconscious abandonment, of deep sorrow. The left arm, in an unrolling curve as gracious as it is expressive, lies lightly upon the tomb, while from the lax fingers falls, rather than is consciously placed there, a branch of palm. The right arm hangs its full length downward, the fingers limp and nerveless. The same feeling of sorrowful self-forgetfulness is carried out in the long, simple lines of the drapery, that seemingly is so carelessly, yet really is so carefully, disposed—for grief has no thought for dainty lines and folds. Yet the grief thus manifested is not the first despair of utter abandonment, but the soberer, lasting regret that is united with submission to irrevocable fate. The symbolical wings, which enclose in sweeping curves the grave figure, serve more than an artistic purpose in that they typify a future life; while the human nature of the sorrow is tenderly suggested by the loving action of leaning against the tomb, on which, as a last tribute of affection, the palm is laid.

From the strictly artistic as well as from the practical stand-point this work especially is to be commended, because it explains itself, and would explain itself quite independently of its surroundings. The figure has a definite meaning distinctly carried out. It is not a conventional angel, but a noble conception of grief, with every line, from the carefully careless arrangement of the drapery to the drooping head, relaxed muscles of arms and fingers, and complete self-abandonment of the pose, telling of a great sorrow, which yet in a mysterious future finds hope.

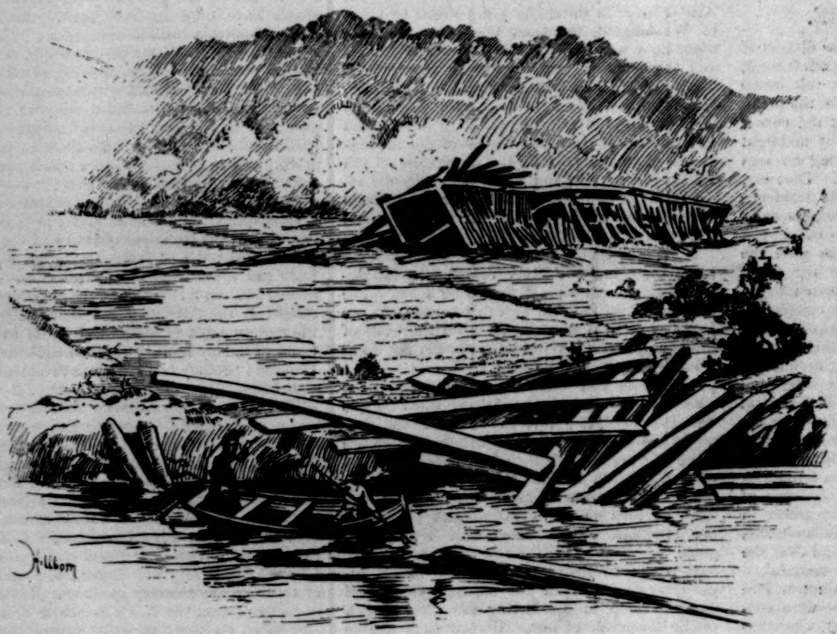
Thomas A. Janvier.



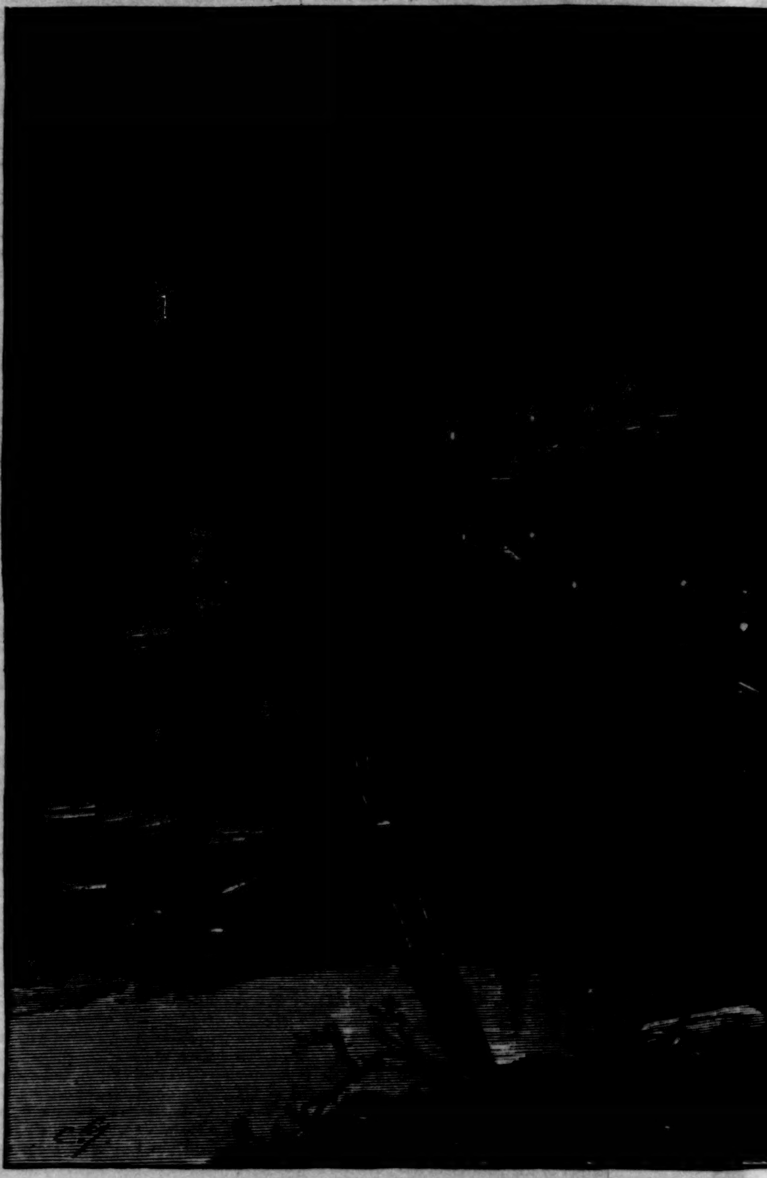
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD BRIDGE AT SOUTH FORK



SPAN FROM PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD BRIDGE



SPAN OF WAGON BRIDGE ABOVE JERSEY SHORE.



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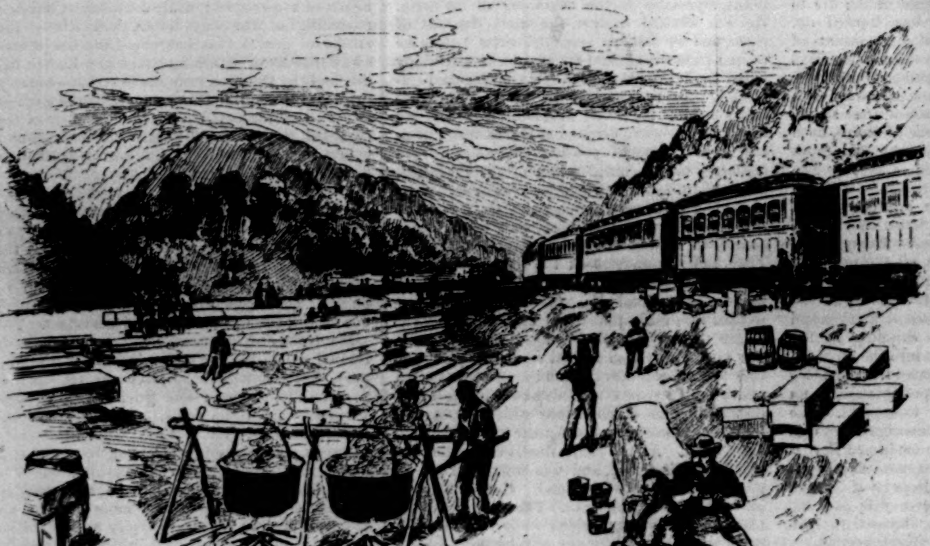
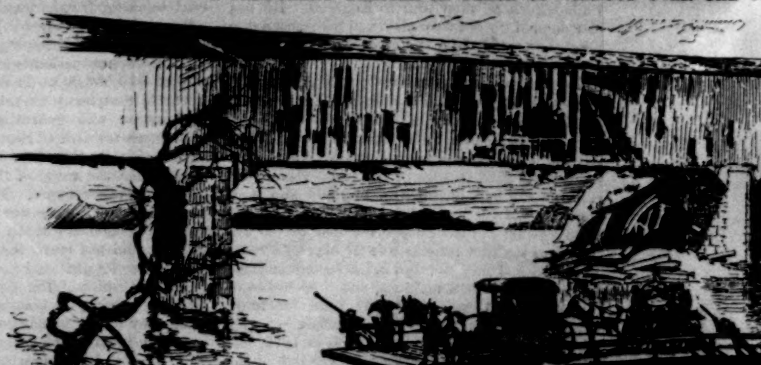
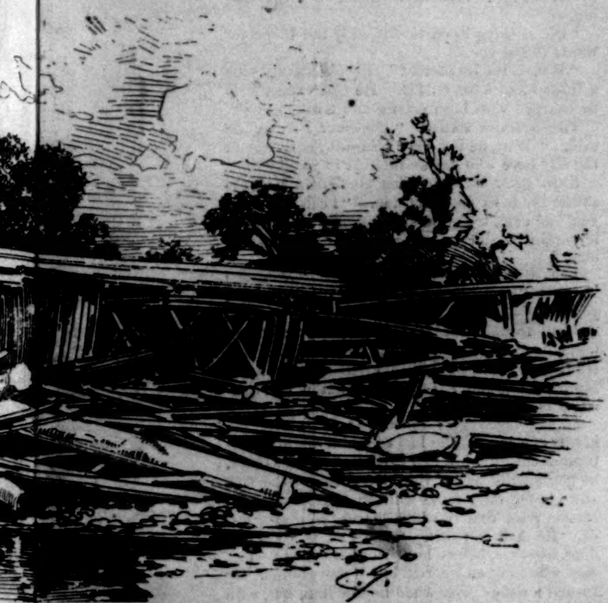


COMMISSARY STORES.

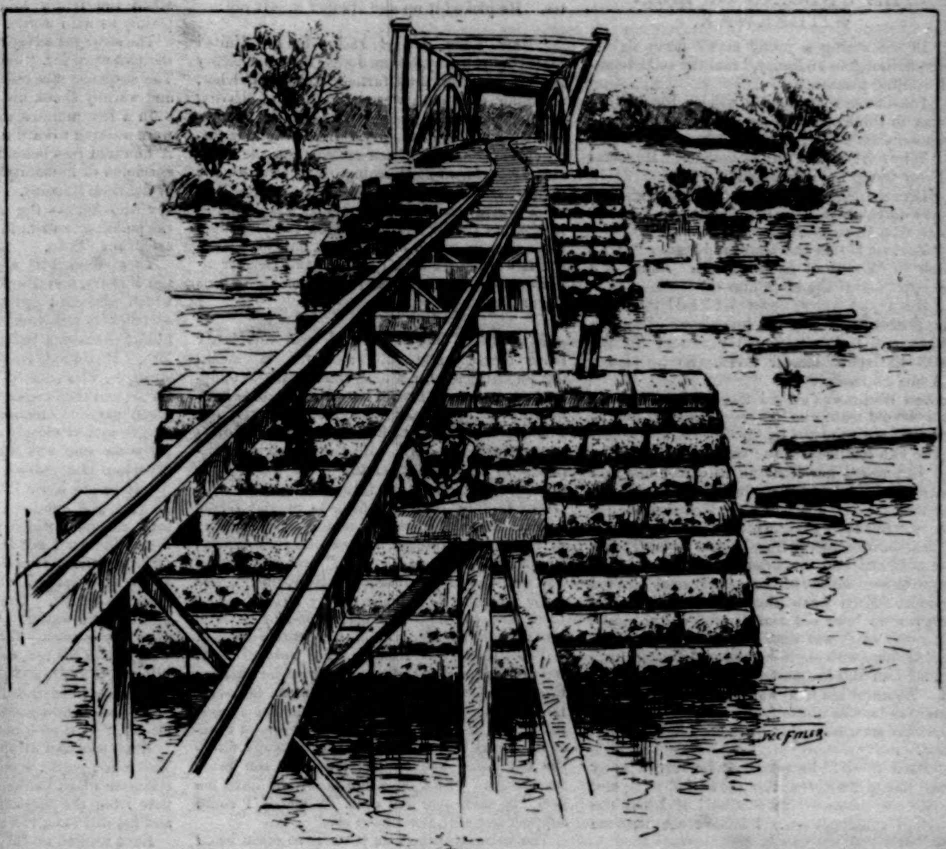


PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE BA

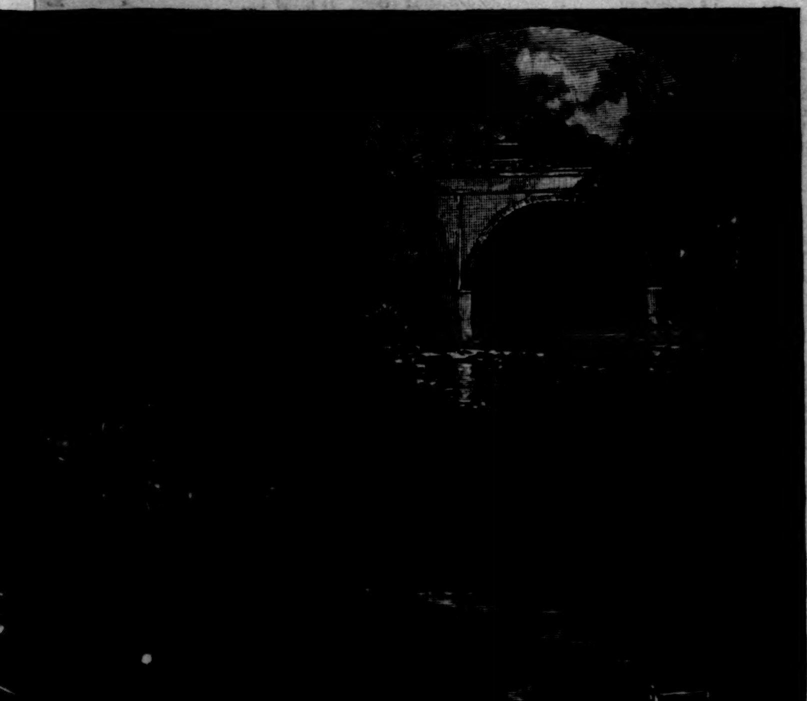
THE WRECK OF THE GREAT FLOOD, AND THE PROCESS OF REPAIR ON PE



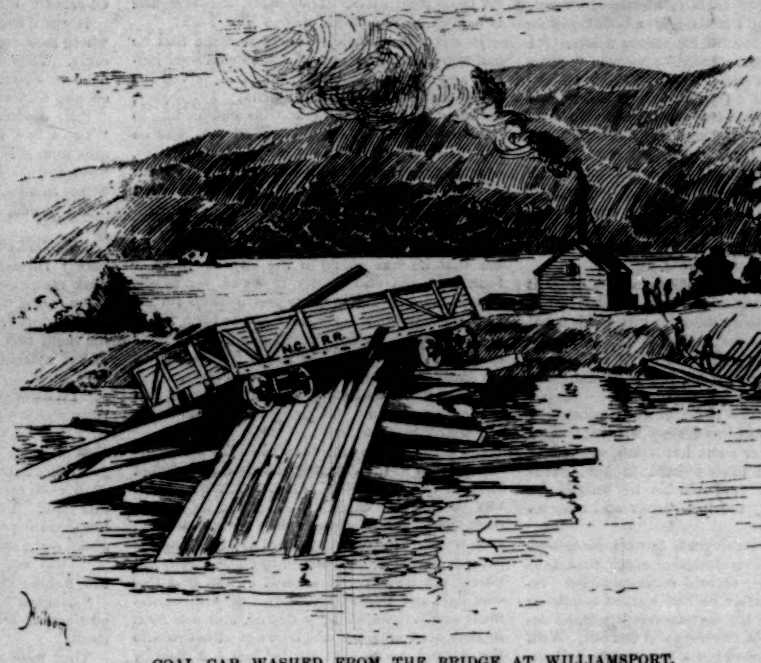
GE LANDED AT RANSOM'S ISLAND, WILLIAMSPORT.



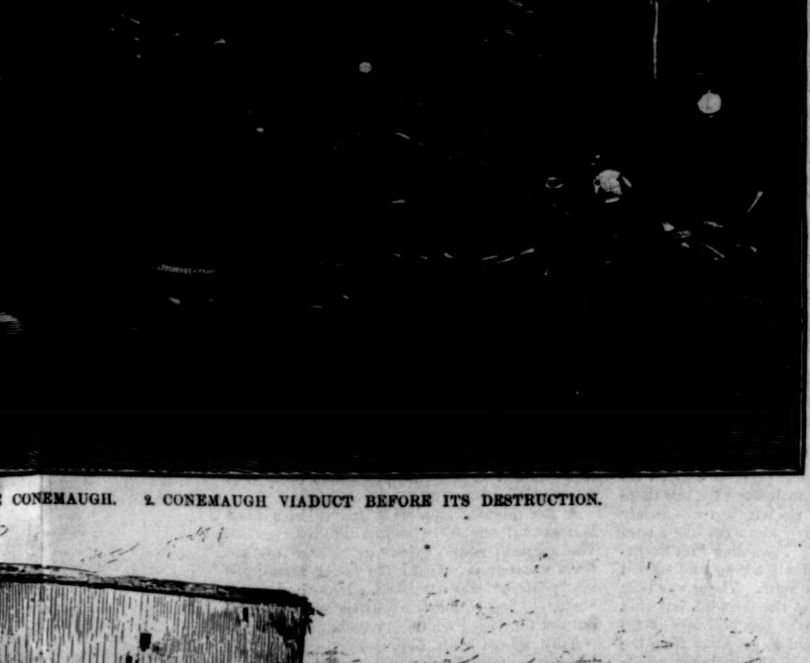
THE MONTGOMERY BRIDGE.



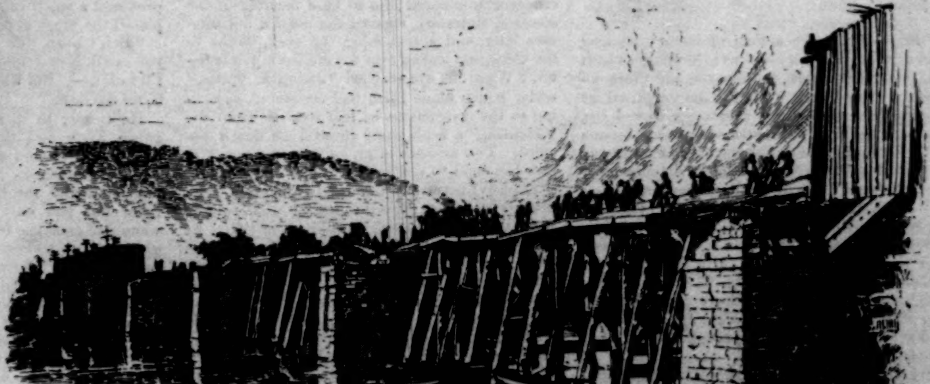
CONEMAUGH. 2. CONEMAUGH VIADUCT BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION.



COAL CAR WASHED FROM THE BRIDGE AT WILLIAMSPORT.



RAILROAD BRIDGE AT LEWISBURG.



RECONSTRUCTING BRIDGE AT WILLIAMSPORT.

ENNSYLVANIA RAILROADS.—From Sketches by F. E. Lummis and F. C. Schell.—[See Page 502.]

THE UNDOING OF EBEN WITHERWAX.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Nancy," said the school-master, smiling pleasantly.

"I don't see what good it will do Eben Witherwax to think about Nancy Halliday," said the school-master's wife, snappishly.

"Why not?" asked the pedagogue. "He seems a likely young fellow enough."

"Because her father is poor, and she will not marry anybody who cannot give her a better home than Eben can."

"Tut! tut!" said the kindly old man. "Don't think so harshly of people, Maria. Nancy is a good girl, and if she loves him—"

"Much you know about it!" said the wife, who prided herself on her knowledge of human nature, and had a profound contempt for the books the school-master loved. So he sighed and said no more.

Eben Witherwax sighed too, much more sadly than the old man, who had been watching him as he talked with the girl he loved.

The two had met on the village street, and he had just asked her if he might escort her to a picnic that was to be given in the early summer.

"Thank you," she had said, with demure coquetry, "but I am going with Frank Turner."

Then the iron entered Eben's soul. Frank Turner was rich, and had the handsomest turn-out that was to be seen on any of the country roads around Modena. Eben knew that his own horse and buggy were both old and far from stylish, and the worst of it was that he saw no hope of replacing them with anything better. The old farm yielded him and his mother a living, but that was all. He knew his rival was as much in love with Nancy as he was himself, and he felt certain that he would soon lose what little hope he still cherished.

"Darn it all!" he swore, as he turned away from the girl after a few moments' chat, and started for home—"Darn it all! if I had the money, I could get her. I believe she likes me best."

And as he walked homeward he was busy with a process which he would have called thinking. Cerebration was not much in his line, however, and the burden of his thought was little more than a vain repetition of his strong desire. "I want money. I want money." No plan for getting any suggested itself, however, and his thinking ended as it had a thousand times before, in a hopeless recognition of the probability that he never would have any money to speak of.

Now the desire for money is no very unusual phenomenon, nor is it very seldom that men reach the same conclusion when thinking it over that Eben reached. What was perhaps remarkable, and what certainly proved important, was that while he was thinking about the matter he should have received the letter he did.

He stopped at the post-office, more because it was the proper thing to do than because he expected to find anything there for him. His usual mail came once a week, and consisted of a copy of the *Ulster County Farmer*. This time, however, there was a letter from New York addressed to him.

At first he thought there must be some mistake, but the address was plainly written, and he took the letter after some hesitation, wondering greatly who could have written to him. This wonder continued unabated as he walked on homeward, turning the letter over and over as he went.

He was fairly intelligent, though somewhat slow, and when he had time enough to act at leisure, he generally showed common-sense. So it happened that after he had walked a mile or so, wondering who his correspondent was, he determined to open the envelope and find out. With this in view he picked out a shady spot, and sitting down on the grass, he broke the seal and read as follows:

"Sir,—If you are a man of honor you may read this letter, which contains information which will be of the greatest value to you and those dependent upon you. You may be surprised at hearing from one who is a stranger to you, but you were so highly recommended to me by one of the most prominent citizens of your county as a perfect gentleman, and one to be implicitly trusted, that I write to you in consequence.

"I have for sale some *green goods.* They are so splendidly made as to defy detection by the greatest experts. There is no risk in using them, and they are very cheap. I have them in all sizes—ones, twos, fives, tens, XX., fifties, and hundreds. I will let you have them any size you want at the following rates: $500 for $100, $1000 for $150, $2000 for $250, $5000 for $400, $10,000 for $750.

"I will send them to you by mail or express on receipt of price. But as you do not know me, I would much sooner have you come on here and examine my goods for yourself, and you will be satisfied that I mean well by you and will give you perfect satisfaction, and make your fortune for you. If you like the proposition, write and let me know, and I will send you a letter explaining how you can meet me. If you don't like it, destroy this letter, and say no more about it to anybody. And above all, do not betray my confidence. If you should, it would be better for you if you had never been born. I am rich and powerful, and never forgive nor forget an injury. I have my trusted agents everywhere, and know how to strike at an enemy where he is least prepared for a blow. I believe you are honest and square, though, and say no more.

"Your true friend,

"James Jackson.

"4 Mott Street, New York."

A newspaper clipping, or what looked like one to Eben's inexperienced eyes, fell out of the letter. He picked it up and studied it. It ran:

"New York, *August* 18th.—In the United States Court to-day, before Judge Benedict, Henry Anderson, a Nebraska farmer, and Job Belcher, a Maine merchant, were acquitted of having counterfeit money in their possession. It transpired that a set of the plates from which the currency is printed had been stolen from the Treasury Department at Washington, from which the money in question had been made. Judge Benedict stated that while the action was immoral, it was not illegal, and discharged the prisoners. Both were poor men not long ago, but now Anderson is worth over a half million and Belcher almost as much, which they have made by this clever trick."

After Eben Witherwax had read this letter twice through and fully mastered its meaning, he struggled for a long time with the temptation it had brought, but his struggles, only half-hearted at first, grew weaker and weaker, and when he arose and walked on, he had made his bargain with the devil. He had never been dishonest in his life beyond the limits which were set by custom among the farmer-folks in the matter of trading. He had been to Sunday-school when a boy, and to church almost every Sunday of his life, and though not professedly religious, was looked upon as "steady," and had always had a pride in his reputation. Here, though, had come a chance to get the money he wanted so badly, and his unknown correspondent assured him it could be done without danger of detection.

Then, there was Nancy. Life seemed little worth living without her, and slow as he was, and unwilling to impute evil to the woman he loved, he was yet of the same opinion as the school-master's wife. If he only had a couple of thousand dollars he could pay off the mortgage, fix up the old house, and, he felt sure, win the bride he wanted. "She likes me best; she likes me best," he said, over and over. "And if I could support her well, she'd have me."

The balance turned, as it turns so often when money is in one scale, and with terrible tremblings and careful secrecy he wrote to the city for more particulars. They came, of course, and in a week he was on his way to New York.

It was not without a severe struggle that he had taken the two hundred dollars that were hidden away in the old nook that had served his father and grandfather for a bank. The money, he knew, was all that he and his mother had to live on till the next crops could be sold, and he did not dare to confide his purpose to her. So, like a thief, he stole down to the chimney-corner the night before he started for the city, and took the money while his mother slept.

It had been very hard indeed for him to face his mother's surprise and curiosity when he told her that he was going to the city for three or four days, and still harder to watch her as she lovingly and carefully made preparations for his comfort that would have been ample for a three-months' voyage. The knowledge that he was deceiving and robbing her was a burden almost too great for his unaccustomed shoulders. The gadfly of desire had stung him fairly, though, and the golden prize he was going for was too alluring to give him pause.

It was late in the afternoon when Eben Witherwax arrived in the city, and confused and almost stunned by the noises of the streets, inquired his way to the Merchants' Hotel, where he was to meet the man who offered him a fortune on such easy terms. He registered, and after getting his supper, waited in the reading-room nervously till nearly ten o'clock. It seemed to him that this was late, and thoroughly worn out with excitement and fatigue, he then retired, and was soon in that deep slumber which comes oftentimes to the wicked as well as to the just. A flashily dressed young man, whose broad shoulders and red face announced him to be a member of the sporting fraternity, entered the hotel a few minutes later, and approaching the desk, bowed to the clerk, and looked over the entries in the register. When his eye reached "James K. Watts," under which name Eben had registered, according to the instructions he had received from Mr. "Jackson," a faint smile covered his face a moment. Two minutes after, he left the place, first giving a cigar to the hotel official.

Eben Witherwax awoke bright and early. His dreams had been pleasant, and he was eager to meet the man who was to make him rich. At the same time he felt a terrible nervousness. The consciousness that he was doing wrong, the fear of arrest, imprisonment, and disgrace, and the excitement of his new surroundings, made his heart throb and his nerves quiver in a frightful way. He ordered a breakfast to be served in his room, but when it came he could eat nothing, and only sip a mouthful of coffee. He paced up and down his little room, anxiously waiting the approach of the messenger who was to come for him. Suddenly an awful thought flashed through his brain. Perhaps these city folks had heard something to his disadvantage, and had given him up. The thought was overwhelming. He pictured his return home and the renewal of his former life. The dreams he had had of wealth and pleasure gave place to familiar scenes of hard and hopeless work, and made the latter all the more distasteful.

The painful reflections were cut short by a tap upon the door.

"Come in!"

It opened, and disclosed a man of about fifty, whose erect carriage, white hair and beard, handsome clothes, heavy watch chain, and polished shoes impressed Eben at once with the feeling that he was in the presence of a superior being.

A critical eye would have come to the opposite conclusion. The carriage suggested the prison step, the white hair was premature from vice, the jewelry was cheap and vulgar, and everything about the fellow said "Crime! Criminal!" as plainly as with words.

The stranger advanced a step, smiled, and gave the password Mr. "Jackson" had written about. The suspense was ended. Eben sprang forward and warmly shook his caller's hand.

In a few minutes they had left the hotel and were walking toward the tenement-house district. A hundred feet behind the pair slouched a dirty specimen of humanity who seemed on the verge of delirium tremens. This was the "tailer," the spy who follows the prey and gives warning of the police, or assists in beating and robbing a recalcitrant victim.

They stopped at a glaring sporting-house on the Bowery, and drank some vitriolic compound which chemical genius has invented for the speedier destruction of humanity. Eben was talkative enough before; he now became garrulous. He told his story, hopes, and dreams to the stranger, who seemed very friendly and sympathetic, and then began to ask questions about the green goods of which he was in quest. The messenger looked closely about the room, as if fearful some one was watching, and then from a capacious pocket-book took a roll of bills.

"Here are some I bought myself last week," he said, and handed them to Eben. The latter took the bills, which were crisp and clean. So far as he could see they were good, but, on account of their newness, they appeared suspicious to the poor farmer, who had never seen unused currency before. The messenger saw the doubt, and called a waiter. "Please ask the cashier to change this twenty for me." Eben followed the waiter with his eye, saw the cashier examine the bill, put it away, and produce the desired change. This almost convinced him.

"To show how good the stuff is," said the messenger, "we'll pass one in the nearest bank."

Eben was half afraid, but to a bank they went. The teller, polite, according to the time-honored etiquette of all banks, received the experimental note from the messenger, scarcely looked at it, and handed back the small bills asked for.

Eben wanted no further evidence. He already saw himself the possessor of a vast fortune. With the guide he left the bank, and they walked rapidly to their destination.

It was a huge building in a busy neighborhood, where men crowd and elbow one another unceasingly. They entered its main hall and came to a door on which the messenger knocked. It opened, and they entered.

"Mr. Jackson, Mr. Watts," said the messenger. "You'll find Mr. Watts a very pleasant and reliable man. If you'll excuse me, I'll leave and go down-town. I'm going to invest $10,000 in Wall Street this morning, and am behind time."

He bowed, shook hands all around, and was gone.

Eben looked around. The room was small and poorly furnished. A table, two chairs, and a desk comprised the furniture. Mr. "Jackson" was a young man, handsome, and too well dressed. On his shirt front were three large diamonds; on his hand two large solitaires glittered; while a locket attached to his watch chain coruscated with gems.

"I'll show you our goods, mister," he said. The voice was low and pleasant to the ear. He opened a door of the desk, and there lay great packages of paper with green edges.

"There's over a million, dear boy," said the confidence operator; "but you won't buy it all this time. You'll have to work off three or four lots before you can go that high. It will take about eight months. What sizes do you want?"

"Twos and fives, I guess," answered the victim, palpitating with eagerness.

"Jackson" took down two bundles, and handed them to his victim with the remark, "Count them."

They were counted and found correct. The money for them was paid over, and "Jackson" produced a small valise or hand-bag, in which he placed the green goods.

"Don't open this in New York. Wait until you are in New Jersey, where the law is different. I'll lock it— But where's the key? Ah! here it is, on the desk."

He turned to it, so that his body came between Eben and the valise, seized something, and turned around again. He was locking the bag as he turned. He withdrew the key, and handed it and the bag to his customer. The latter was now only too anxious to leave. He wanted to cross the ferry to Jersey City, and there gloat over his treasure. He left the room, barely pausing to say "Good-day," and went like a man in a dream to the street. Trembling with excitement, he turned away from the door, and started on a quick walk for his hotel. There was only one desire in his mind at the moment, but that was strong enough to make him oblivious of his surroundings. He wanted to get away from the city as quickly as possible and go home, where he could count over this package of money that had come to him so strangely. He did not see the quiet-looking man who was following him, and if he had seen him would not have known that the law already had him in its grasp. He knew enough to tremble when he passed the big policeman on Broadway, who looked at him keenly, but who made no sign beyond a look of intelligence at the quiet man close behind. This sign was unseen by Eben, who reached his hotel safely, as he thought, and was just entering the door when the quiet man spoke.

"What have you got in that satchel, my friend?" he said, in a low tone, and the question sounded like the crack of doom in Eben's ears.

He trembled and turned white. For a moment he could not speak. Then he gasped, "N-nothing!"

"Well, you are a good deal nearer right than you think you are," said the detective; "but we will have to see. I'll have to trouble you to go with me."

"What for?" stammered Eben, his heart sinking.

"Oh, nothing in particular, only the Inspector wants to see you."

"Who is the Inspector?" Eben's courage rose a little—just a very little. He had expected to be charged with high crimes and misdemeanors.

The detective smiled. "Inspector Byrnes," he said. "Why, he is a very pleasant gentleman in the city here who has an interest in you."

Eben grew bolder. This gentleness was too subtle for his comprehension. "I can't go with you," he said, trying to speak roughly. "I have important business that calls me out of town at once."

The detective's smile vanished. "Now see here, my friend," he said, sternly, "the best thing you can do is to go quietly. There is no use in making trouble, for I shall take you anyhow. Come." And the unhappy Eben Witherwax was led away, unresisting, still clutching the little satchel containing the rich prize that he had risked so much to get.

It had fared very much the same with the kindly gentleman who had sold him the little fortune so cheaply. When Eben had left his office, he had hastily locked the door, pocketed the key, and started on a rapid walk in the opposite direction from that in which his victim disappeared. He had not gone twenty steps from the door, however, before he too encountered a quiet man who took an interest in his movements. He turned a shade paler when he saw him, but, with a pretense of not seeing, walked on.

"It won't do, Diamond Harry," said the detective, stepping up to him.

"Ah, Heidelberg, how are you?" said the "crook," trying to look unconcerned.

"I'm well," said Heidelberg, dryly. "Supposing you come with me, and find out if the Inspector is well too; he wants to see you."

"What for?" he asked.

"Oh, there's a calf missing up the river somewhere. We have caught the calf, and the Inspector thinks you may know something about him."

"You've caught the calf!" This in a tone of surprise.

"Yes. Tilly saw him just coming out of your place."

"Say, Heidelberg, how did you get on?" said "Diamond Harry," walking along with the detective. He was too wise to offer resistance, though he knew, as poor Eben did not, that he need not submit to arrest at the moment. He also knew, however, that it was useless to defy the officer, for, if he should, that experienced individual would simply have him shadowed till a warrant for his arrest could be procured, and this would be remembered against him. Policemen like no better than any one else to be put to needless trouble. So the prisoner went coolly to Police Head-quarters, only asking as he went, "Say, Heidelberg, how did you get on?"

"We piped you off last night," said Heidelberg, briefly, and the other asked no more.

Arriving at the "Central Office," as Police Head-quarters is commonly called, Heidelberg led his prisoner through a long narrow passage to the detective office, where a gray-bearded sergeant sat behind a tall counter-like desk of the ugly and convenient pattern in vogue in all the police stations.

The sergeant was the only man in the room in uniform, but four or five others stood by the window chatting in undertones, and all looked keenly but furtively at Heidelberg's companion as the two walked up in front of the desk.

"I've arrested this man," said Heidelberg, briefly; and the sergeant impassively turned to his big book of record to make the proper entry.

"What's the charge?" he asked.

"Green goods game," said Heidelberg.

"Did you catch the sucker?"

"Tilly has him by this time."

"Good," said the sergeant, as calmly as if he were buying a sheet of paper. Then he "took the prisoner's pedigree," asking him his name, age, nationality, and sundry other particulars in a matter-of-course fashion, as if he did not know all the particulars by heart.

Mr. "Jackson" was then escorted to a side room, where the door was locked on him, and he sat down to meditate. He had been in that room before, but if he had not been, he would have had no thought of trying to escape, for he knew it was almost in the centre of a huge building that was full of policemen, and that every door was specially guarded.

A few minutes later Tilly arrived with Eben Witherwax, who still clutched the little satchel. The sergeant smiled grimly as he saw this, but Eben was not yet technically under arrest, and his "pedigree" was not taken. He waited a little while, looking curiously about the gloomy room, but not forgetting his misery for a moment.

Tilly waited with him, saying nothing, and looking as if he had the least possible interest in his charge, or, for that matter, in anything else. The sergeant went on writing, and the other men in the room stopped talking, and one by one sauntered out as if they had nothing on earth to do.

Presently a faint sound was heard of a bell in another room, and the sergeant stepped out. In a moment he returned and looked at Tilly, saying nothing. "Come," said Tilly to Eben, and he led the way through two doors and a tiny waiting-room to a large inner apartment, where a handsome middle-aged man sat behind a flat desk. He had a mild, pleasant look, and to Eben's untrained eye seemed like anybody else but the famous terror of all criminals. It was the Chief Inspector himself.

He motioned Eben to a seat, but said nothing, and Tilly retired without a word. Eben sat down trembling, but holding on nervously to his satchel. It seemed a half-hour to the frightened man that the Inspector looked at him without speaking, and the silence grew insupportable. In fact, it was something over a minute, and the Inspector was waiting for him to speak first.

At length he was compelled to do so. He felt that he would go mad if he sat looking into those keen eyes much longer. "They told me you wanted to see me," he stammered.

After a still further pause the Inspector said: "I did. What is in your satchel?"

"Nothing much," said Eben, as boldly as he could. Then, breaking down under the searching gaze and terrible silence of the man whose power was so great and so mysterious, he said: "It's money. Good money, too. It isn't counterfeit."

Not the faintest indication of a smile crossed the Inspector's face as he heard the criminating words. He understood the man in front of him as well as if he had always known him.

"Let's see if it is money," he said, pleasantly.

"Must I open it?" asked Eben, meekly. He no longer had any thought of defiance.

The Inspector nodded, still silent, and Eben opened the satchel. There was a brown paper parcel inside tied carefully with a string.

"Open the package," said the Inspector, smiling slightly for the first time, and Eben untied the string. There was nothing inside but a lot of scraps of slightly stained white paper.

The unhappy man was stunned. He fumbled the paper for a moment, and then sprang to his feet, desperate with rage and humiliation. "He has robbed me! He has robbed me!" he cried, and started to run out of the room in a wild, vain search.

The Inspector did not move. "Sit down," he said, coolly; and the terrified countryman sat down and burst out crying like a child.

"You thought you had some counterfeit money, did you not?" asked the merciless Inspector, after a short pause; and Eben broke down fairly and squarely. With the tears still streaming down his face he told his whole story, while the Inspector listened silently.

"You'll have to go to court," he said at length, when Eben had finished. "But," he added, kindly, as the countryman started in terror, "you are only a witness, you know. We want your testimony to convict the man who has robbed you."

Then he rang a bell, and Tilly reappeared with suspicious quickness, and Eben was led away, stunned and helpless. He carried his satchel with him, hardly knowing why, but unable to let go of even the shadow of his dreams.

He never knew how he got there, but he was presently in the Tombs Police Court. Mr. "Jackson" was there too, and was much cooler than he was. Justice Duffy was on the bench, and listened grimly while the officers told of the arrest; and the hapless Eben was forced once more to tell what had happened to him.

It was all like a dream; but he remembered afterward to have heard the justice say: "Prisoner held for the Grand Jury. Complainant committed to the House of Detention."

It might as well have been Greek so far as Eben Witherwax was concerned, for he understood nothing of what he meant. What he did presently understand was that he was locked up in a place that seemed like a prison to him, and was told that unless he could furnish a bond for one hundred dollars he would be kept there till Mr. "Jackson" was brought to trial. Mr. "Jackson," they told him, had given bail, and was at large, but Eben would have died rather than ask any of his friends to bail him out.

He felt, however, that he must tell his mother, and he wrote her the truth.

In the sad correspondence that followed, and was kept up for over three months, one item of news his mother sent was, "Nancy Halliday is engaged to Frank Turner." FALES-CURTIS.

AMERICAN TYPES AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

If kings, queens, emperors, august dignitaries and such have given Paris on the occasion of the Exposition the cold shoulder, their places have been amply filled by republicans. In fact, their Serene Highnesses have hardly been missed. It may be somewhat of a revelation, but Europe now knows that a show can be run without co-operation of potentates. Our own people have flocked to Paris. They are there *en masse*, and as much as anybody else have helped to make the exhibition a success.

Mr. Reinhart, with his clever sketching powers, catches some of the incidents in which our Americans figure. Somehow or other our best man never is very enthusiastic. There is a certain coolness about him. With his nervous energy, though expansive enough, he still refuses to be astonished. That is, doubtless, a New-Yorker who assumes in the sketch the pose of Gulliver, and he declines being overtopped by the Eiffel tower. "Yes," he says, "fairly lofty; but lay it flat, and it would not span the East River. As to height, well, take an elevator in any of the new buildings in New York, and if you want to be dizzy you can have quite enough of that kind of thing."

The Paris garçon is now in his element. This influx of visitors is his harvest. How the francs will drop into his rapacious hands! If he gets a chance he will foot up *l'addition* in the most marvellously expansive manner, with an arithmetical progression quite his own. There will be charges for food which have never been partaken of. How cleverly the waiter and the *dame de comptoir* will do it! The artist, as a suggestion, has put a warning placard on the waiter's back. Sometimes it is a privilege to be robbed, and the Parisian waiter is so perfect in his art that he might find place at the Comédie.

The showman of the West is in Paris, and for the first time the Frenchman realizes his "Coopare," as he calls the first of our romance writers. He gazes at the *peau rouge* with wonder, and tries to compare him with his own Arab, and finds no similarity. Around the tepee the Frenchmen swarm, and gaze enraptured at the hired Indians.

The American mamma, with her four daughters, figures as a type, but whether the stout lady with her pretty bevy can all be squeezed into that one *voiture de rémise* is a question. The row of heads at the foot of the sketch shows diverse nationalities at the exhibition. There is the English cad, the heavy German, the East Indian, and the Nubian.

Last and not least is America's "finest exhibit," and very charming products of civilization are they. Those young persons are satisfying their natural curiosity, but they do not stare. They absorb their surroundings in a matter-of-fact way, just as does their fellow-countryman. There is no angularity, no insularity, about these young women. There is only a little bit of an individual *cachet*, which makes them barely distinguishable from well-dressed French women, and that to the disparagement of neither. If M. Du Maurier has constructed well-bred English ladies, so has Mr. Reinhart his Americans.

JOHN GILBERT.

When the news came to us from Boston a few days ago that John Gilbert, the comedian, was seriously, perhaps dangerously, ill in that city—where he had paused on his journey from New York to his sea-side home at Manchester—this community suffered a shock of sorrow and felt the burden of a great anxiety; and when a little later the convalescence of the famous actor was announced there was joy in every heart. Mr. Gilbert, born in Boston on February 27, 1810, is in his eightieth year, and an illness less formidable than pneumonia, with which he was overtaken, is serious to any man at fourscore. It was natural that the public mind should be alarmed. Mr. Gilbert, making his first appearance upon the stage on November 28, 1828, at the Tremont Theatre in Boston, and remaining in the dramatic profession ever since, is one of the best-known and best-beloved of actors, and the thought of losing him cast a bleak chill upon our lives. It was natural that the public heart should be grieved. Mr. Gilbert's life and character, like his public services during a professional career of nearly sixty-one years, are a precious possession to the world. He has lived a good life. His character is not less noble and venerable than it is quaint and sweet. And as an actor he is unrivalled in his special field—which is that of old men. Indeed, when Blake and Warren are excepted, he never has had any rivals in our time. The latest actor who resembled him, and who might have been his competitor, was the English actor William Farren—the elder of that name—who died in 1861, aged seventy-five. But Farren, according to all that is recorded and remembered of him, was inferior to Gilbert in mind and in original personality as well as in variety of talent. William Rufus Blake was the only formidable competitor that Gilbert ever had to encounter, and Blake, who never equalled him as an artist, could excel him only in the coarser characters of unctuous humor, such as Lord Duberley. As the old man noble, or the old man eccentric, or the old man choleric—as Mr. Dornton, or Mr. Hardcastle, or Sir Anthony Absolute—he has always been easily first, and he stands alone. As Sir Peter Teazle he has filled the ideal of that famous character for the play-goers of nearly two generations, and as Sir Peter he will pass into history. The new bust of him—a splendid bronze, lifelike, massive, and spirited—which has been made by Mr. John S. Hartley, and recently placed in the club-house of the Players, shows him in that character; and that it shows him well the reader can perceive by reference to the engraving of the bust which appears in this journal. Mr. Hartley has also made a bust of Edwin Booth as Brutus, and these two works of art now adorn the beautiful club-house, founded by Mr. Booth, that was dedicated and opened on the last night of 1888.

It was not as an actor of old men that John Gilbert began his career, but as a juvenile tragedian—playing Jaffier in Otway's splendid tragedy of *Venice Preserved*. In a speech that he delivered at the Lotos Club, New York, where the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance upon the stage was celebrated by many friends of his at a banquet on November 30, 1878, the veteran actor thus alluded to this event: "The public said it was a success, and I thought it was. The manager evidently thought it was too, for he let me repeat the character. I suppose it was a success for a young man with such aspirations as I had..... The lady who personated Belvidere was Mrs. Duff, a lovely woman, and the most exquisite tragic actress that I ever saw, from that period to the present." It was in tragedy that Mr. Gilbert then and for some time afterward desired to excel, and the old theatrical records associate his name with such parts as King John, the Ghost of King Hamlet, Shylock, Sir Edward Mortimer, Penruddock, Adrastus, Iago, Matthew Elmore, Wolsey, and Macbeth. But he began to play old men when he was only nineteen years old, and even then he displayed a special aptitude for that line of professional business—which he has followed ever since. His name will always remain identified with Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Robert Bramble, Sir William Dorrilon, Lord Ogleby, Job Thornberry, Jesse Rural, and kindred characters. He enacted a wide range of Shakespearean parts, including Polonius, Malvolio, Sir John Falstaff, Adam, Autolycus, Caliban, Jaques, and Menenius. His presentment of Polonius is remembered as perfect—the still impressive relic of a man who has been wise and who remains kind and gentle and elaborately ceremonious. But his absolutely unique embodiments have been those of choleric character and antique manners. He always made a point of identifying himself, when acting, with the spirit and the essential life of the period of his part. He could play Sir Epicure Mammon—hard, unlovely, arrogant, luxurious, sensual—and he could play Jesse Rural—affectionate, gentle, paternal, venerable, simple, and altogether lovely—and he was perfectly truthful in both. His old men were old and they were true, but they were widely diversified. He was never monotonous. Each person that he assumed was seen as a distinct identity, and felt to be living from his own peculiar centre, with his own peculiar environment and background and experience and horizon and views. Mr. Gilbert may never act again. He is very feeble. But his gracious figure, his expressive face, his winning voice, his beautifully clear and correct enunciation of our language, his symmetrical assumptions of character, his blended dignity, grace, refinement, humor, and sweetness will be treasured in the memory of all old play-goers as long as anything good and noble is remembered with love and honor. WILLIAM WINTER.

EDWIN BOOTH.

There was a great shower of meteors on the night of November 13, 1833, and on that night, in Baltimore, Maryland, was born the most famous tragic actor of America in this generation, Edwin Booth, now in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and in the fortieth year of his professional life. No other American actor of this century has had a rise so rapid, or a career so early and continuously brilliant, as those of Edwin Booth. His father, the renowned Junius Brutus Booth, had hallowed the family name with distinction and romantic interest. If ever there was a genius upon the stage, the elder Booth was a genius. His wonderful eyes, his tremendous vitality, his electrical action, his power to thrill the feelings, and easily and inevitably to awaken pity and terror—all these made him a unique being, and obtained for him a reputation with old-time audiences distinct from that of all other men. He was followed as a marvel, and even now the mention of his name stirs, among those who remember him, an enthusiasm such as no other theatrical memory can evoke. His sudden death (alone, aboard a Mississippi River steam-boat, November 30, 1852) was pathetic, and the public thought about him thenceforward commingled tenderness with passionate admiration. When his son Edwin began to rise as an actor, the people everywhere rejoiced, and they gave him an eager welcome. With such a prestige he had no difficulty in making himself heard, and when it was found that he possessed the same strange power with which his father had conquered and fascinated the whole dramatic world, the popular exultation was unbounded.

Edwin Booth went on the stage in 1849, and accompanied his father to California in 1852, and between 1852 and 1856 he gained his first brilliant successes. The early part of his California life was marked by hardship, and all of it by vicissitude, but his authentic genius speedily flamed out, and long before he returned to the Atlantic sea-board the news of his fine exploits had cleared the way for his conquest of all hearts. He came back in 1856–57, and from that time onward his fame continually increased. He early identified himself with two of the most fascinating characters in the drama—the sublime and pathetic Hamlet, and the majestic, romantic, picturesque, tender, and grimly humorous Richelieu. He first acted in *Hamlet* in 1854; he adopted Richelieu in 1856; and such was his success with the latter character that for many years afterward he made it a rule (acting on the sagacious advice of an excellent counsellor, the veteran New Orleans manager, James H. Caldwell), always to introduce himself before any new community in that part. The popular sentiment toward him early took a romantic turn, and the growth of that sentiment seems to have been accelerated and strengthened by every important occurrence of his private life. In July, 1860, he was married to a lovely and most interesting woman, Miss Mary Devlin, of Troy, and in February, 1863, she died. In 1867 he lost the Winter Garden Theatre, which was burnt down on the night of March 22d, that year, after a performance of John Howard Payne's *Brutus*, in the heroic central figure of which tragedy (a singular dramatic cento), Mr. Booth is represented by Mr. Hartley's noble bust, elsewhere shown, at the club-house of the Players. He had accomplished beautiful revivals of *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and other plays, at the Winter Garden, and had obtained for that theatre a most honorable eminence; but when in 1869 he built and opened Booth's Theatre in Twenty-third Street, he proceeded to eclipse all his previous efforts and triumphs. The productions of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *Richelieu*, *Hamlet*, *A Winter's Tale*, and *Julius Cæsar* were marked by ample scholarship and great magnificence. When the enterprise failed, and the theatre passed out of Mr. Booth's hands, the play-going public endured a calamity. But the failure of the actor's entirely noble endeavor to establish a great theatre in the first city of America, like every other conspicuous event in his career, served but to deepen the public interest in his welfare. He has far more than retrieved all his losses since then, and has made more than one triumphal march throughout the length and breadth of this continent, besides acting in London and other great cities of Great Britain, and gaining an extraordinary success upon the stage of Germany. To think of Edwin Booth is immediately to be reminded of these leading events in his career, while to review them, even in a cursory glance, is to perceive that, notwithstanding great losses, calamities, and sorrows, notwithstanding a little experience of personal bereavement and of the persecutions of envy and malice, Edwin Booth has ever been a favorite of fortune.

The bust of Booth as Brutus and that of John Gilbert as Sir Peter, standing side by side in the Players' Club, must stir many memories and prompt many reflections. Gilbert was a young man of twenty-three, and had been six years on the stage, before Edwin Booth was born; and when, at the age of sixteen, Booth made his first appearance (September 10, 1849, at the Boston Museum, as Tressil to his father's Richard), Gilbert had become a famous actor. The younger man, however, speedily rose to the higher level of the best dramatic ability as well as the best theatrical culture of his time; and it is significant of the splendid triumph of tragic genius, and of the advantage it possesses over that of comedy in its immediate effect upon mankind, that when the fine and exceptional combination was made last year for a performance of *Hamlet* for the benefit of Lester Wallack, Edwin Booth enacted Hamlet, with John Gilbert for Polonius, and Joseph Jefferson for the Grave-digger. Booth has lasted and grown with us across a peculiar period in the history of dramatic art in America. Just before his time the tragic sceptre was in the hands of Edwin Forrest, who never succeeded in gaining the intellectual part of our public, but was constantly compelled to dominate a multitude that never heard any sound short of thunder, and never felt anything till it was hit with a club. The bulk of Forrest's great fortune was gained by him with *Metamora*, which is mere rant and fustian. He himself despised it, and deeply despised and energetically cursed the public that forced him to act in it. Forrest's best powers, indeed, were never really appreciated by the average mind of his fervent admirers. He lived in a hard period, and he had to use a hard method to subdue and please it. Edwin Booth was fortunate in coming later, when the culture of the people had somewhat increased; and when the old sledge-hammer style was going out, so that he gained almost without an effort the refined and fastidious classes, and—as long ago as 1857—with all his natural grace, refinement, romantic charm, and fine bearing, his impetuosity was such that even the dullest sensibilities were aroused and thrilled and astonished by him, and made to realize that something vital was in action, when it happened that he also gained the multitude. His supremacy continues, and there is no sign that the sceptre will soon pass from his hands. The player who stands between Edwin Booth and John Gilbert, as depicted in Mr. Hartley's imposing and highly characteristic busts, can scarcely fail to think of these things, to realize the steady advance of the stage in the esteem of the best people, and to feel grateful that his lot as a play-goer was not cast in "the palmy days"—those raw times that John Brougham used to call the days of light houses and heavy gas bills.

WILLIAM WINTER.

NATIONAL FLOWERS.

In crown and seal the royal Rose is sign
  And symbol sweet of England's sovereignty;
  Old France her banners filled with Fleur-de-Lis,
And German flags shake out the Corn-flower's shine.
The Thistle is the Scotsman's kingly flower,
  And Ireland proudly waves her Shamrock green.
  But in our flag no one flower might be seen
As emblem of our greatness. Splendid shower
All blossoms on our vastness—lily, rose,
  The thistle, shamrock, corn-flower, thousands more
  That grow from stern Alaska to Gulf shore,
And bloom by sandy beach or mountain snows;
All flowers of use or beauty God bestows
To grace our boundaries and their scope disclose.

A TOURMALINE CORONET.

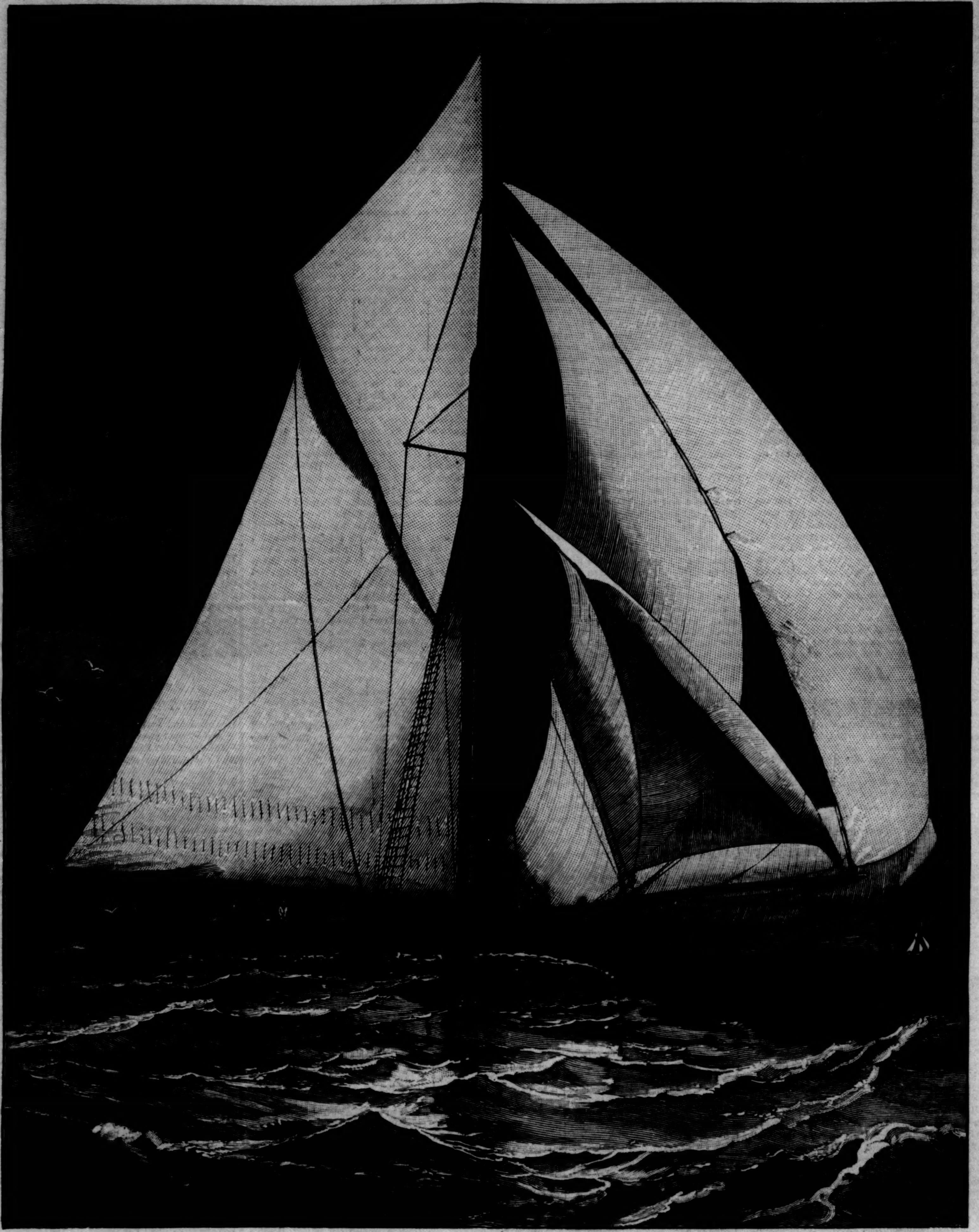
O mother country, rich and strong and great,
  And dear and glorious as Jerusalem,
  I watch thy mighty banner's trailing hem,
Curve like a shield round every separate State,
Wrapt in its sovereign folds, where large and fair
  It grows. No roses crown thee; diadem
  Of tourmaline, that lovely native gem,
Shines on thy regal brow, and doth declare
Thy oneness, for this jewel doth unite
  All colors blended, clear and crystal set
  In harmony, nor tints each other fret.
So tropic crimson, temperate green, snow white
  Of arctic zone: colors and climates meet
  Upon thy shores in love and union sweet.

EMILY E. F. FORD.

A NEW COMPETITOR FOR THE CUP.

Undaunted by their many defeats, our British cousins have again challenged for the *America's* Cup, and the *Valkyrie*, owned by Lord Dunraven, is to be the next yacht to try to carry back to England the cup won by the schooner *America* in 1851. She was built from designs of George L. Watson, by J. G. Fay & Co., and launched from the yards in Southampton May 1. A glance at her picture shows her to be very like his other challenger, the *Thistle*. What she is like below the water-line is not known generally, but, from all that can be learned, she is simply a smaller *Thistle*, with many of the faults of the larger boat corrected. Instead of being cut away so rapidly forward, the *Valkyrie* has been given more depth there, and she will probably hold better into the wind. She has been fitted with a trunk for a centre board, and it will be used, Lord Dunraven says, if necessary.

The measurements given in the challenge sent to the New York Yacht Club show the following: Length over all, 85 feet; beam, 15 feet 9 inches; depth, 11 feet 6 inches; length on load water-



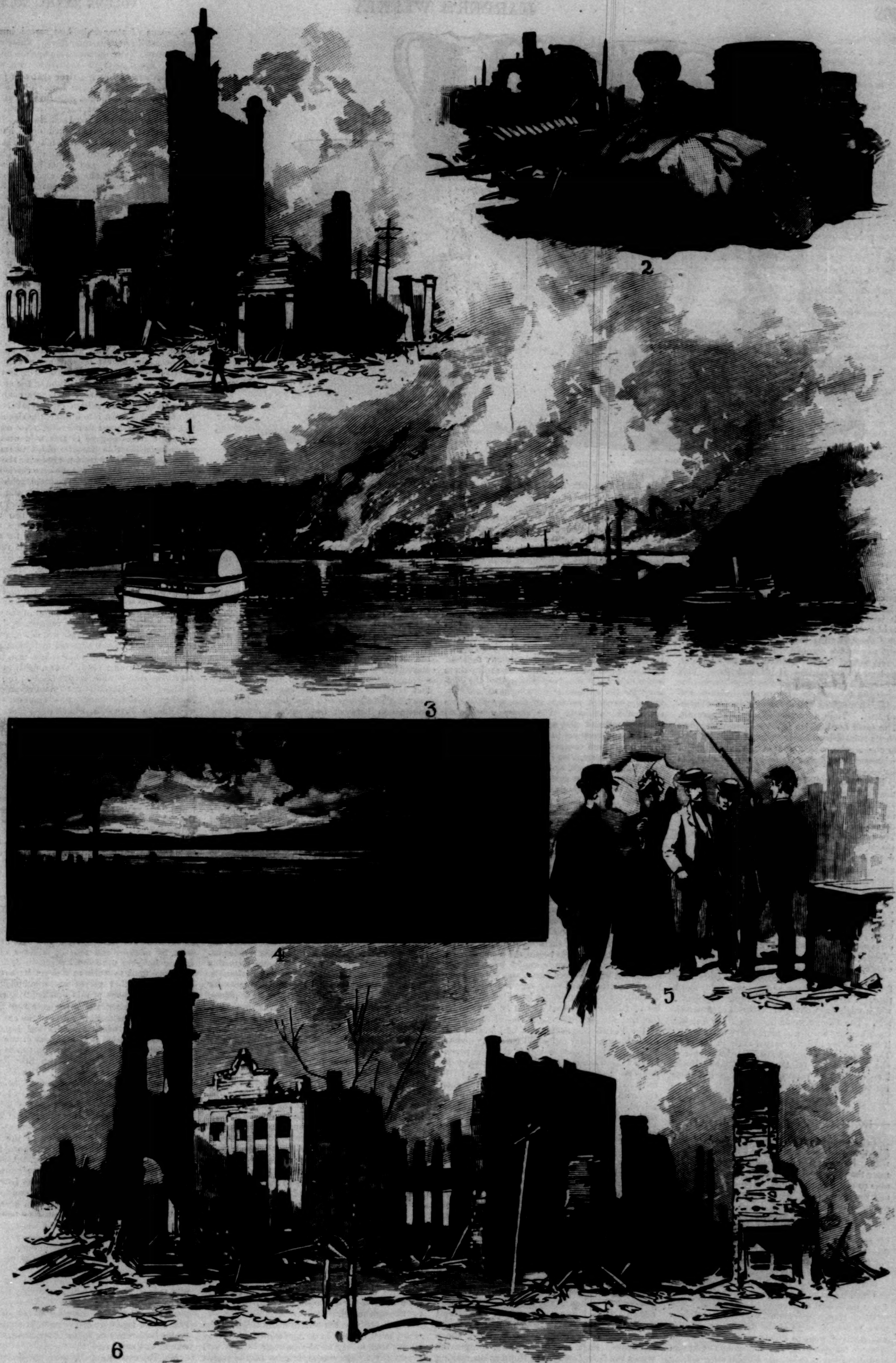
LORD DUNRAVEN'S YACHT "VALKYRIE."

line, 69 feet 8 inches; tonnage, 56.76. The first measurement given is a trifle misleading, as the English system of measurement differs from that of New York. It is the distance from the knight-heads to the stern post. By New York rules her length over all would be 94 feet, and a glance at the picture will show what an immense overhang the yacht has. Taking her dimensions given, and using a photograph in connection with them, it is apparent that the *Valkyrie* has a mast 60 feet long, a topmast 38 feet long, a main-boom 70 feet long, and a bowsprit 34 feet long. Her sail area would seem to be in the neighborhood of 6700 square feet.

In his challenge Dunraven said that his boat had been built to come within the 70-feet class of boats, and although he was probably in hopes that a boat of that class would be pitted against her, he has said that he was willing to try conclusions with the *Volunteer*. From the contests between the 70-foot boats this year it seems extremely likely that the *Katrina* is the best of them, and a comparison between her and the *Valkyrie* would seem to be interesting. On load water-line her length is two inches more than the *Katrina's*. She is much heavier sparred than the *Katrina*, and although her sail area is 150 square feet less, her capacity for carrying sail is probably much greater than that of the *Katrina*. Her immense spar plan, her powerful hull, and her appearance generally, indicate a great spread of canvas when the boat is in racing trim. There is room between the topmast and the end of the bowsprit for a balloon jib-topsail which will very likely astonish the yachtsmen in this harbor.

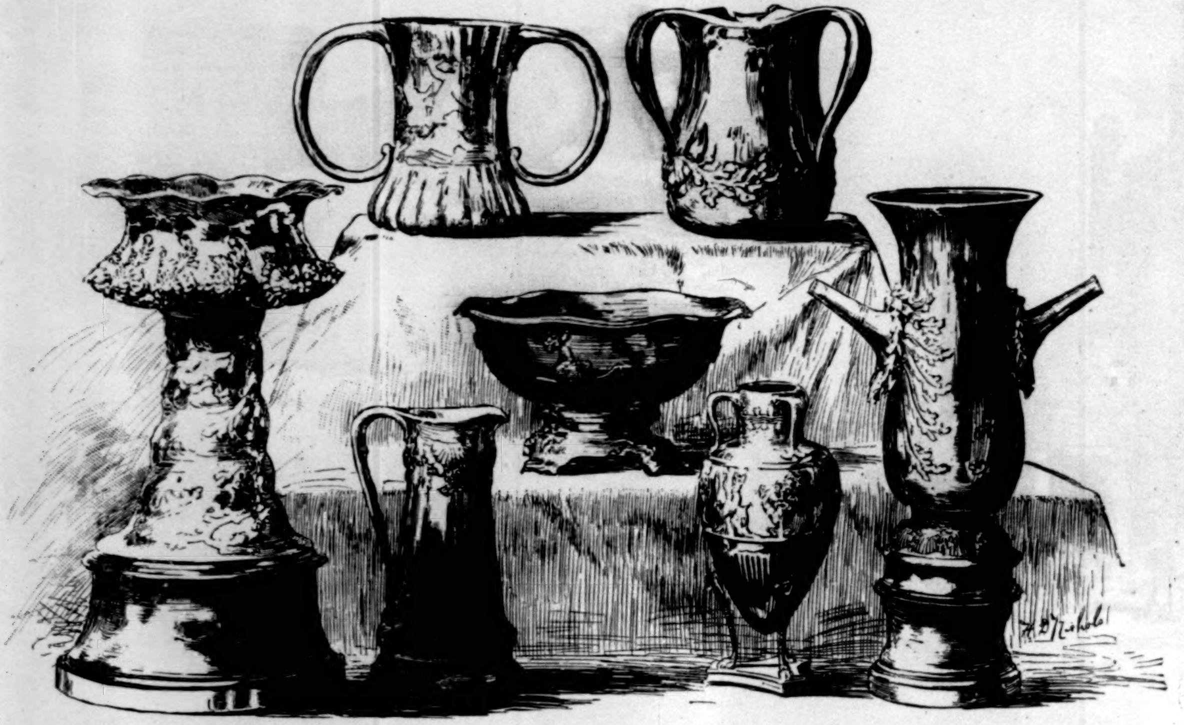
It is generally conceded that a yacht rarely goes off the ways and immediately engages in racing with as good results as those got by the *Valkyrie*. Since her launching she has sailed in seven races, and in none of them has she done anything but creditable work. In the first race, although hardly fit, she beat the crack *Yarana* by five minutes, although she lost on time allowance; the *Irex* was beaten handily. In the second race she easily defeated the same boats. Both days there was a fairly good breeze. In the next three races the winds were light and puffy. She won easily from both the *Irex* and the *Yarana*. The sixth race, with the same boats in, was sailed on May 28th, and the *Valkyrie* was beaten. She was, however, in difficulties, and her sail was on deck for twenty minutes—the time by which she was beaten. On June 1st she was beaten again in a strong wind. This time her topsail-sheet parted, and she split her spinnaker.

There is little doubt in the minds of yachtsmen that the *Valkyrie* is a very fast boat; how fast she is as compared with the *Volunteer* is a matter of conjecture. The only way of deciding this point would be through a match with the *Thistle*. Her value is well known, and unless she is put in commission and a race sailed with the *Valkyrie*, no one can form any idea as to which is the faster, the *Valkyrie* or the *Volunteer*, until they sail together. In any event, there is a general impression that the boat capable of winning the *America's* Cup for England is yet to be built.



THE GREAT FIRE AT SEATTLE.—From Sketches by J. Anderson.—[See Page 495.]

1. Ruins of Occidental Hotel. 2. Canine Guardian. 3. Seattle in Flames. 4. Fire as seen from Tacoma, Forty Miles distant. 5. National Guard Protecting Property
6. View looking up First Street.



For First-class Schooners. For Fourth-class Sloops. For Seventh-class Sloops. For Fifth-class Schooners. For Third-class Sloops. For Fifth-class Sloops. For Third-class Schooners.

PRIZE CUPS OF THE JUNE REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—By Tiffany & Co.

PRIZE YACHT CUPS.

The seven cups given by the New York Yacht Club on the occasion of their spring regatta on Thursday last are excellent examples of the silversmith's art. They are of sterling silver, made by Tiffany & Co., after their own designs. The prize for schooners of the first class is a vase eighteen inches high, including an ebony base. It is ornamented with shells and sea-weed, and is of graceful shape. It was won by the schooner *Palmer*, beating the *Dauntless* by ten minutes and twenty-five seconds. The other vase on ebony pedestal is also eighteen inches in height, and somewhat smaller in circumference. This was won by the *Grayling*. She beat the *Sea-Fox* over the course two minutes and fourteen seconds, although on actual time the *Sea-Fox* finished first. Time allowance changed the result. The salad bowl, which is a very pretty dish, has on its sides fish and sea-weed etched, and it goes to the *Azalea*, which won in the fifth class of schooners, beating the *Agnes* by two minutes and six seconds.

The three-handled loving-cup is the prize for third-class sloops. The bases of the handles are anchor-shaped, and sea-weed is used for decoration. The *Katrina* won this prize, beating the *Shamrock* by two minutes and seven seconds. The two-handled loving-cup was for fourth-class sloops, and figures of children disporting in the water are etched on the surface. The handles are entwined with sea-weed, and the whole effect is pleasing. The *Hildegard* won this cup by beating the *Whileaway* six minutes six seconds. The Greek vase, with dolphins etched upon it, was won by the smart English cutter *Clara*. She beat the *Bertie* by eleven minutes twenty-six seconds. The pitcher was given to the seventh-class sloops, and it was won by the Burgess boat *Nymph*, beating her nearest competitor, the *Tomahawk*, seven minutes fourteen seconds.

The cups were well won by the victors in a first-class sailing breeze, and in remarkably short time. There were several unfortunate accidents, which might have changed the result very materially. The *Titania* would have made the *Katrina* work harder to win, and might have won herself, if her bobstay had not parted early in the race. The *Bedouin* too might have landed a winner if she had not run on the sand at Sandy Hook. Two of the new seventh-class sloops lost their masts in the blow also.

REBUILDING A RAILROAD.

The storms which resulted in the floods of May 31st nearly wiped Pennsylvania out of the railway map. Its great line was closed to the public for more than two weeks, and other lines are still unable to run through trains. The display of skill and energy in overcoming the difficulties of the situation was magnificent. Great rivers were re-spanned by bridges in a few days, and the repair of the wash-outs was accomplished in an incredibly short space of time. What the water did to the railways, and what the officers of the roads did for their recuperation, is the subject of this article and its accompanying illustrations.

When the floods of Friday, the 31st, were over, and men began to look after their property, there was a good deal that could not be found. The artist of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who went to Johnstown as soon as news of the distressing disaster was received, went to Philadelphia with a Pennsylvania railroad man, who undertook to find him transportation at once. By diligent telegraphing to every point in the State, he discovered that 160 miles of the Pennsylvania roadway were not to be found. They were under water or washed away, or the telegraph lines were down. The result to Mr. Rogers was as has been described. He and his companions were obliged to make their way by Ashtabula, Ohio, to Pittsburgh, and thence by special train to Johnstown. Several train loads of passengers were caught in the flood and cooped up at Altoona, beyond the reach of the mail or telegraph. For a few days their friends did not know whether they had "gone down" in the flood or had been saved. So far as Johnstown itself was concerned, it was fortunate that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had a way into the place, through devious valleys and by branch routes, for otherwise there might have been serious delays in getting supplies to the people who so sorely needed them. It was on Saturday that the Pennsylvania Railroad officers discovered that they did not know where so many miles of their road had gone, and on the same day there was a meeting of the executive heads of the company for the purpose of devising plans for putting the wrecked portions of their property into serviceable condition. The conferees were all practical railroad men, and every one was capable of taking personal part in the work that had to be begun and completed within a few days. President Roberts, Vice-President Thomson, General Manager Pugh, and Chief-Engineer Boyd started for different parts of the road, and raising men and securing timber where they could, set about the rebuilding of the bridges and filling in the washed-out road-bed. It was the Pennsylvania Railroad that had suffered the most. The Baltimore and Ohio was a sufferer from the Potomac and Patapsco, and the Philadelphia and Reading lost some bridges on the Susquehanna. One of the officers of the latter road estimates that fewer than a half-dozen of its bridges were carried away or damaged so as to be impassable. The Pennsylvania Railroad was not available for through trains on its main lines or by any of its branches. Miles of roadway had been washed away, and many bridges of all kinds were down.

In two weeks after the floods, and in less than that time after work was begun, the road was open. The streams had been spanned by temporary structures, and sleepers, earth, and broken stone that had been floated away were replaced. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to estimate the number of miles of road that had to be repaired before trains could run over it. One of the officers at the Pennsylvania's general offices says that from thirty to forty miles will cover the breaks. Vice-President Thomson insists that the pecuniary losses of the company have been greatly exaggerated; at the same time he is reported to have admitted that the storm has inflicted upon the road the most serious blow it has ever received. At all events, the damages will be measured by millions.

In order to give an adequate idea of the extent of the storm's ravages, the company's lines in the State had best be described, and the damages to them noted. The main line from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh runs westerly through Lancaster to Harrisburg. Until near Harrisburg the line was not touched by the storm. But just beyond Conewago the road strikes the Susquehanna River, and between there and Harrisburg about seven miles of tracks were under water. When the flood subsided it was discovered that many spots were washed out, all of them dangerously and some of them fatally. Travel to Harrisburg was impossible for a short time. Three miles beyond Harrisburg, at Rockville, the road crosses the river on a long bridge of heavy iron girders, and makes its way northwesterly to Lewistown. Here it runs alongside of and several times across the Juniata, which empties into the Susquehanna at Dauphin, a few miles above Rockville. Back and forward over bridges the tracks run from Lewiston to Huntingdon, making a large horseshoe curve. From just east of the latter place to Huntingdon occurred the damage that caused the most delay. The Juniata had done its utmost to make mischief. It had washed away miles of track. How many no one outside of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will know unless he takes the trouble to measure for himself. It is safe to say, however, that more than a score of miles had to be rebuilt. Four large bridges were destroyed, carried off in pieces and sections, lodged against trees or rocks or in meadows, and many smaller ones shared their fate.

From Huntingdon the main line runs northwest to Tyrone, then, sharply turning, southwest to Altoona. Here the tracks are in the most lofty and picturesque part of the route. They wind around the horseshoe, pass Cresson, and finally reach the Conemaugh and Johnstown. The world knows what the flood did to the people and villages that lay in its path. It was stayed by the splendid stone bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad, whose seven arches stand intact, only the earth at one end being washed away. There were two fine bridges over the Conemaugh between Cresson and Johnstown. One was at South Fork. It was a comparatively stout structure of iron girders resting on stone piers. The other was the stone viaduct of the Pennsylvania Canal Company, used then by the railroad. The first bridge was literally swept away. It received the first force of the water, and the girders were tossed off the masonry as if they were chips. The river made a new channel for itself, twisting in behind a hill, and coming out in another place. The flood not only carried away the heavy stone viaduct, but washed away the earth at both ends to such an extent that the new structure will be a good deal longer than the old. The pictures of the old and new structures show this. The railway was an utter ruin for the nine or ten miles from South Fork to Johnstown. Perhaps it would be exaggeration to say that every vestige of it had gone, but it is certainly not exaggerating to say that not a particle of the road was traversable by trains.

After leaving Johnstown the road runs along the Conemaugh and the Kiskiminitas northwesterly to the Alleghany Valley junction. On this section it passes through Bolivar and Blairsville. The flood had washed out the embankments for the whole distance between these two places. After reaching the junction the run is southwesterly to Pittsburgh.

From the junction to the northeastward there is a branch of the Pennsylvania company to Driftwood, where the Philadelphia and Erie road is met. This road runs from Wilkesbarre to Erie, and touches branches of the Pennsylvania's original road at Lock Haven and Driftwood. It has also some branches of its own, the principal one being at Lewisburg. It is now the property of the Pennsylvania Company. There was no damage of moment on the branch road from Pittsburgh to Driftwood, but there were very bad breaks on the Philadelphia and Erie division in the vicinity of Lock Haven, Williamsport, and along the western branch of the Susquehanna to the point of its union with the main river at Northumberland.

The Northern Central road is another property which now belongs to the Pennsylvania company. It begins at Harrisburg and runs to Sunbury. Thence it uses the tracks of the Philadelphia and Erie to Williamsport, and then it makes its way north to Canandaigua. This road north of Williamsport was practically abandoned for a time. It was washed out so completely, and its bridges were so utterly destroyed, that it was determined that nothing should be done until the main lines of the Pennsylvania road were ready for through travel.

The havoc that the waters made along all the rivers must be seen to be appreciated. It is easy to say that nearly all the railroad bridges and practically all the wagon bridges of the region were destroyed, but it is difficult to comprehend exactly what that means, until one sees the number of bridges. As one rides from Harrisburg to beyond Lock Haven, the main river and the western branch seem to be dotted with stone piers that are partially or wholly bereft of their bridges. The piers are encumbered with piles of logs, trees, spans of strange bridges, sawed lumber, and laths still retaining their form. There stand up out of the water big stone stumps holding up nothing, monuments of the structures which have been wrecked by the river that now peacefully laves their feet. The banks of the river for more than two hundred miles are strewn with the millions of logs that were driven out of the booms at Williamsport and Lock Haven. Barns and houses have been knocked down, but the force of the flood was chiefly felt by whatever was on the water. Most of the railroad bridges are the victims of escaped wagon bridges, which tore down the river, bumping against anything that came in their way, and involving it and themselves in a common wreck. In an accompanying illustration will be found the span of a wagon bridge which was carried more than a mile from its piers, and finally deposited, right side up, in a meadow. In another is a coal car, which was borne off with the bridge which it was crossing, and anchored, with a lot of boards and the flooring of the bridge, in a shoal place in the river. The material things of this region have been broken away from their fastnesses and scattered over the country. Wherever the waters were given a chance, they tore away barns, houses, and uprooted trees. The stone ballast, of which the Pennsylvania company is justly proud, was treated with as little respect as if it had been the merest sand. Cars were pitched wheels over roofs, axles were bent, and iron wheels sent rolling to the bottom of the streams. The whole track in several places near Lock Haven was torn up, carried off several feet, and thrown upside down into a ditch, the sleepers on top, but still fastened to the rails. Not only did the large rivers engage in this wild work, but every inconsiderable brooklet aided to the best of its ability. The waters poured over the fields and highways, and seem to have even carried their stony bottoms with them. The brook pebbles are to be found everywhere—in the fields and in the hills and in the roadways. New cuts were made, and now, only a little more than two weeks after the storm, there are dry brookways which have been the beds of streams only for a day, but which look as if they had long held running waters. Wherever there were no brooks, the rains did all they could to take their place. They made watercourses of their own, and stormed in their feeble way with all the malignant will that characterized the work of the rivers. This brief recital will give some idea of the power of the water, and why it is that all through central and western Pennsylvania the bridges are down, and the traveller sees only the battered or broken pieces that tell how communication was once maintained.

The Pennsylvania people went quickly to work. All their trains were stopped. For two days the road from Harrisburg to Sunbury, over the Northern Central tracks, was stopped. This was due to wash-outs, which were quickly repaired. The engineers required a longer time on the way from Sunbury to Williamsport. It was here, however, that the first efforts were made. In the first place it was seen that the breaks on this part of the road could be more quickly mended than those on the main line between Lewistown and Huntingdon. Moreover, Johnstown was on the main line, while it was possible for trains to make their way to Pittsburgh, over the Northern Central and Philadelphia and Reading, through Driftwood.

It was Vice-President Thomson's task to repair the road from Sunbury, for he went to the Pennsylvania Company from the Philadelphia and Erie. Every man who could be obtained and used to advantage in the work of reconstruction was hired. Gangs of laborers of all nationalities were sent to the spots where the work was to be done. Bridge lumber was telegraphed for to New Jersey, New York, Buffalo, Erie. It came from everywhere, from the east and the west, by millions and tens of millions of feet. Bridge builders were quickly obtained, and the company went to work to redeem its wreckage in a manner that places its accomplishments among the wonders of this wonderful storm.

One of our illustrations presents very graphically not only the terrible power of the storm, but the manner by which much of the destruction was accomplished. It is a picture of the bridge at Lewisburg over which ran the tracks of the branch of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad from Montandon to Oak Hall. The demolition is so complete that nothing has yet been done toward making repairs. This inactivity is doubtless partly due to the fact that the bridge is owned by a private corporation, being both a railroad and a wagon bridge. The damage was immediately due to the collision of the Milton Railroad bridge, which was swept down from a point two miles above Lewisburg. A span of this bridge is illustrated in the picture, lying against the piers of the part of the Lewisburg bridge on which a superstructure continues to rest. The other spans of the Milton bridge rose by the action of the water until they bore down against the wooden covering and the tops of the piers. The wood-work was torn in shreds, and most of it was carried down the river in unrecognizable fragments. The tops of two of the piers were broken off. One of them fell up the stream, and the other down, showing that the Milton bridge was twisted around them and wrung them off. Another action of the flood is indicated by the planks torn off from the sides of the structure. Planks and logs were driven straight through the bridge from one side to the other, battering their way in and out.

Mr. Thomson went at once to Montgomery. The bridge at that place is very important. The road crosses over it from the left to the right bank of the Susquehanna. It is fifteen miles south of Williamsport. The road from there runs along the right bank of the river, which it crosses as it reaches Williamsport. On the way from the latter place to Lock Haven the river is again crossed at a place known as Williamsport Junction. This route through the city of lumbermen is for passenger trains and local freight. All through freights continue on up the right bank of the river. The three bridges, one at Montgomery and two at Williamsport, were partly carried away, so that passenger business was suspended.

Mr. Thomson started at once for the break at Montgomery bridge. Until that was repaired the trains ran on the Reading tracks, on the right bank of the river. Mr. Thomson and the division superintendent reached Montgomery on Sunday morning. Three spans were gone. As soon as they were rebuilt, or replaced with a temporary trestle, a way to the West would be opened to the Pennsylvania road, for the freight line around Williamsport could be used until the other two bridges were finished. Mr. Thomson, riding in the cab with the engineer, took his timber and men with him. Attached to the train was a commissary department, and there were bunks for the men to sleep in. Four hundred men were with Mr. Thomson, all ready to conquer the water; but the water was still in no mood to be conquered, as was revealed by the sinking of a 200-pound weight. It was discovered that the current was running so fast that nothing could be undertaken, and it was not until Tuesday night that work was actually begun. Then the hammers rang, the men pulled with a will, and on Saturday the temporary bridge was finished. It consisted of a trestle, such as is shown in several of the illustrations. These trestles are braced uprights resting on a cross-piece, which, in turn, rests upon the bottom of the river. All the temporary bridges that have been constructed in the flooded region are of this kind.

The Montgomery bridge had a singular experience. The outermost span that was on the left bank of the river was twisted out of place. The curve in the track is shown in one of the drawings. The flood at this point just lacked the strength to carry off the bridge. As the trains go over it, the bridge groans as if it were in agony of protest against the harsh treatment to which it had been recently subjected.

Mr. Thomson and his helpers next attacked the bridge leading into Williamsport from the south, but it was the completion of the Montgomery bridge on Saturday, June 8th, a week after the flood, that gave the road a way to the West.

The Williamsport bridge was very badly damaged. Its spans were very long, and it was very high. Some coal cars were on it when all but two spans were carried away, and they were tumbled into the river. One of the spans, as shown in the illustration, was carried down the river about a quarter of a mile to Ransom's Island. There it stands, very much in its proper form, and there it will probably remain for some time. The temporary trestle at Williamsport was built in a little more than three days, and trains ran over it and into Williamsport for the first time on Wednesday, June 12th. In order to go on to Lock Haven and beyond, however, the trains were obliged to back across the bridge and take the freight tracks; but on Thursday, the 13th, the bridge at the Junction was completed, and trains were running over both ways. The representatives of HARPER'S WEEKLY were on the first trains that crossed into Williamsport, both from the south and west. There are no sides to these high, spindling structures, and looking out of the window, one sees only the swift water running below. It is as if the train were suspended in the air. Only those who go to the rear platform see that there is a structure under them.

The damage between Williamsport and Lock Haven was in the washing away of the roadway and small bridges crossing brooks. The town of Lock Haven was in a most deplorable condition. As one of the towns-people said, everything in the place was spoiled. The earth and stones were washed out from under the rails for miles. Workmen were still building a new embankment when the first train that entered Williamsport passed on its way to Tyrone.

After the through way was opened by the roundabout northern route, the whole force of the executive departments of the road was concentrated at Tyrone on the viaduct and the bridge at South Fork. The road here, as has been explained, was practically swept away, but trains ran over it in two weeks from the time that the flood did its awful work. Our illustration shows the process of building the temporary trestle at South Fork. The bridge stood almost directly in the way of the flood as it came down from the dam. It was here that the limited express was saved by the quickness of its engineer, to whose disobedience of orders the passengers owe their lives. The train had been signalled to stop just before reaching the bridge. At that time the water was rushing over the girders, which appeared and disappeared as the torrent rose and fell. The dam had not yet broken. Disobedience of this signal is punished by instant dismissal. Presently a freight train appeared on the opposite side of the bridge. Its engine was uncoupled, and moved over the suspected structure. It was thought safe, and the two trains were ordered to proceed. Scarcely had the limited gone a few rods beyond the bridge, however, when it was directed to return and take up its former position. There it remained for some time, when suddenly the engineer heard a terrific roaring. Without looking back to see if his passengers were aboard—fortunately they were—the engineer, who guessed the cause of the uproar up the valley, threw open the throttle, and heedless of the signal, flew over the bridge and up into the hills. He had barely reached a place of safety, when, looking back, he saw the flood sweep away the bridge, the road, and everything that stood in the way of its progress.

With the officers who have been mentioned, several division superintendents met at South Fork to aid in the work of reconstructing the roadway and the bridges. It was determined to twist the Conemaugh into new channels, so that it will never again be able to destroy towns and villages and human life as it did on this occasion. The South Fork bridge and the Conemaugh viaduct have been replaced by temporary trestles of the character already described. An army of men worked night and day on the two structures. The officers of the road stimulated the contractors by their presence and by money rewards. At night the work was carried on by the light of electric lamps, as is shown in the picture of the temporary viaduct. Both of these bridges on the Conemaugh will be replaced by stone structures. The viaduct was a single stone arch. It was 80 feet long, and had stood up against many a flood since the State built it in 1832. It went at last before the resistless waters of Conemaugh Lake. The temporary bridge is about 405 feet long, the waters having washed away the earth at both ends to such an extent that the chasm to be spanned is five times as great as it was. This trestle is 93 feet high. About 5000 men were employed between Johnstown and the top of the hill.

The breaks on the Conemaugh beyond Altoona were repaired in a short time, and the road between that city and Pittsburgh was ready for trains nearly as soon as the bridge at Montgomery was finished.

The hardest work was on the main line between Lewistówn and Huntingdon. On this stretch of river twenty-three bridges were carried away. Four of them were very large. The Granville bridge was 640 feet long. It was irón, but iron seems to have been as powerless as planks in the grasp of this mighty flood. Four of its five spans were swept away, and the fifth was greatly damaged.

May's bridge, which is two miles west of Granville, is of the same length as the former. It was completely destroyed; even the stone piers were damaged, and the whole structure must be rebuilt.

The Manayunk bridge was of about the same length, and was totally ruined. So was the Petersburg bridge. Thirteen smaller bridges were damaged slightly, but were quickly repaired.

All the new bridges along the Juniata will be of iron. It was at first proposed to build with nothing but stone, in view of the manner in which the stone bridge at Johnstown withstood the flood and the battering-ram of buildings, logs, and trees in its front, but it was discovered that the nature of the bottom of the Juniata would not admit of the necessary foundations for stone structures.

Besides the bridges, miles of roadway along the Juniata were washed out, and the amount of work to be done along this division of the main line would have appalled any but the stoutest-hearted and richest corporations.

It ought to be stated that the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad people assert that they did the quickest work in bridge building at Sunbury on the Susquehanna. The bridge had nine spans, and three of them were carried away by collision with the Northumberland wagon bridge, which came rushing down the river on a mission of destruction. The three spans were rebuilt in five days.

As a rule, the builders constructed the temporary trestles in from three to five days. The work was postponed for several days by the state of the rivers and other streams, and on the Pennsylvania road, by the fact that the very great number of breaks rendered it impossible for the most energetic superintendence to be directed to all points at the same time. The actual work of restoration, however, is to be measured in days, and not in weeks, and all the damaged railroads, with some trifling exceptions, have been put in running order within two weeks of their damage and destruction. This splendid exhibition of courageous enterprise is worthy to be recorded. It is one of the finest displays of indomitable human nature that the century has witnessed. For two weeks transportation was suspended in Pennsylvania, and then it was resumed, new ways having been made in that time. While the work has been going on, the railroad managers have taken advantage of every opportunity to hurry through the business of their patrons. The Philadelphia and Erie road was long choked with trains—freight and passenger. Much of the way is a single track, and the consequence was that no passenger train was on time. So long as it was necessary, everything gave way to cars carrying relief to the Johnstown sufferers. Now that the lines are open, transportation will get back somewhere near its interrupted course, but it will be many months before the railroads are as well equipped for the transaction of their business as they were before the floods. When the work is all finished, Pennsylvania will doubtless possess as well-built railroads as can be found anywhere in the world.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

A POOL.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

PULSELESS in twilight's hazy hush it lies,
  Where in the odorous mead the insects boom,
  While the wild flowers fold their flakes of bloom,
And in the west the rose serenely dies.
In its smooth breast the bird reflected flies,
  And through the curtains of the deepening gloom
  The billowy clouds that in the heavens loom,
Rest in its depths in snowy argosies.
It seems some hallowed spirit gently breathes
  A subtle charm o'er quiet field and wood—
    A dreamy sense of Eden's gates ajar.
Now the first moonbeam all the still scene wreathes—
  Is that a lily on the silvered flood,
    Or the white image of the evening star?

ADJUTANT-GENERAL KELTON.

ON the 7th of June the President appointed Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General John C. Kelton to be Adjutant-General of the Army, with the rank of Brigadier-General, in place of General R. C. Drum, who had been retired for age ten days before. This appointment was in accordance with popular expectation, inasmuch as the qualifications of General Kelton for this responsible office did not admit of doubt, and he was next in the line of promotion, being the ranking Colonel in the Department.

Born June 28, 1828, in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, to which State his great-grandfather had come from Ireland nearly a century before, General Kelton entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1847, and on graduating in 1851 joined the Sixth Infantry. Frontier and garrison service followed for half a dozen years, and then, on his promotion to a First Lieutenancy, came a tour of four years as instructor of infantry tactics at West Point, in which duty the opening of the civil war found him. He obtained an appointment at once in the Adjutant-General's Department, and has there remained ever since, reaching its highest honors after a staff service of twenty-eight years. In the autumn of 1861, while on staff duty at St. Louis, he had received the Colonelcy of the Ninth Missouri Infantry, and held it for several months, then joined the staff of General Halleck, and took part in the advance on Corinth and the siege of that place. With Halleck he went back to Washington soon after as Assistant Adjutant-General. When the brevets were given out at the end of the war, he received those of Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel, for "most valuable and arduous services, both in the field and at head-quarters," and that of Brigadier-General for like services.

General Kelton continued on duty at Washington in the Adjutant-General's office until 1870, and then went to San Francisco as Adjutant-General of the Division of the Pacific. While there he became known as an inventor of many military appliances, some of which have been adopted by the Ordnance Department. They include a rear sight for rifles, a front sight cover and protector, a locking mechanism for the regulation rifle, which allows it to be loaded and fired with only four motions, and a detachable magazine. He has also invented a pistol pack for rapidly loading any jointed revolver, and a safety stop to prevent the accidental discharge of a revolver in cavalry fighting; also, an automatic check-rein, which allows the horseman to have both hands free. At the outset of the civil war he had published a *Manual of the Bayonet*, and in 1882 he printed for private circulation *Fencing with Foils* and *Pigeons as Carriers*, followed, two years later, by *Information for Riflemen*, and *Select Songs for Special Occasions*, besides editing Grace's *System of Horse Training*. Since 1885 he has been on duty at Washington.

No doubt most of our readers are aware that the office of Adjutant-General is one of the most influential in the army, by reason of its dual relation to the Secretary of War and to the Commander-in-Chief, and its important functions in the issue of orders, instructions, and information. It also has a peculiar importance to the militia, since the Adjutant-General collects the statistics of the State forces, regulates the distribution of the appropriations of Congress to them, and is in many ways able to assist them.

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN, the Chicago lawyer and Irish agitator, who has been brought into unenviable prominence by his arrest on the charge of having murdered Dr. P. H. Cronin, a political opponent, is of Irish parentage and descent. According to the statements of his relatives he was born in July, 1841, in the town of Amherstberg, Ontario, Canada. According to his own story he was born in the State of Maine. Owing to his father being a British soldier assigned to garrison duty in the Dominion, and transferred from time to time to various posts, he had no fixed domicile in his early boyhood.

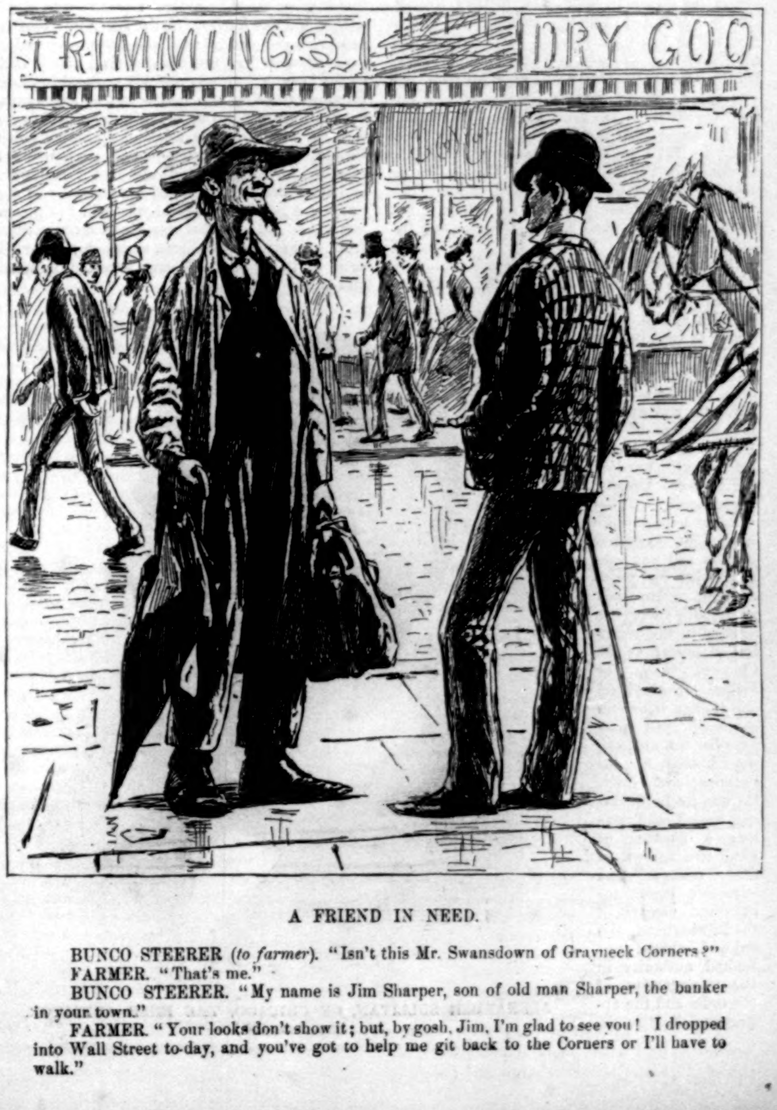
He received but little education, and when a mere lad started life for himself as an office boy in Detroit, Michigan. In that city he remained over ten years, gradually working his way up in business until he was the proprietor of a small shoe store, and in his leisure moments devoting himself to study and reading. In the latter work he had the advantage of the friendship and assistance of Miss Margaret Buchanan, a school-teacher and clever writer, who afterward became his wife.

His career in Detroit came to an end by the burning of his store, and his arrest and trial for arson in the second degree. He was acquitted by the jury, and shortly afterward came to New York. Here he secured employment as a salesman in a retail dry-goods store, and in the evenings studied law and history. To comply with the statutory requirements he formed a nominal connection with the law office of the late Hon. Algernon S. Sullivan, to whom he was distantly related. During this time he spent considerable time upon the meetings of temperance, political, and literary organizations, with a view of fitting himself for forensic work. His progress was rapid, and he soon made a local name for himself as an interesting and forcible, though not a graceful speaker.

In the mean time he had kept up his former Michigan relations so wisely that early in 1869 he was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue in New Mexico by President Grant. The appointment has been charged to both Senator Ferry and Senator Chandler. In the summer of this year he had a violent quarrel with Judge Hough, of Santa Fe, which, like most affairs of that sort in the old Southwest, terminated in an appeal to the revolver: Sullivan was much the better marksman, bringing his enemy down seriously wounded, but received no injury himself.

At the close of 1869 his accounts were either short or inaccurate, and he was removed from office, although no criminal proceedings were brought against him by the United States authorities.

In 1870, through the same influence as before



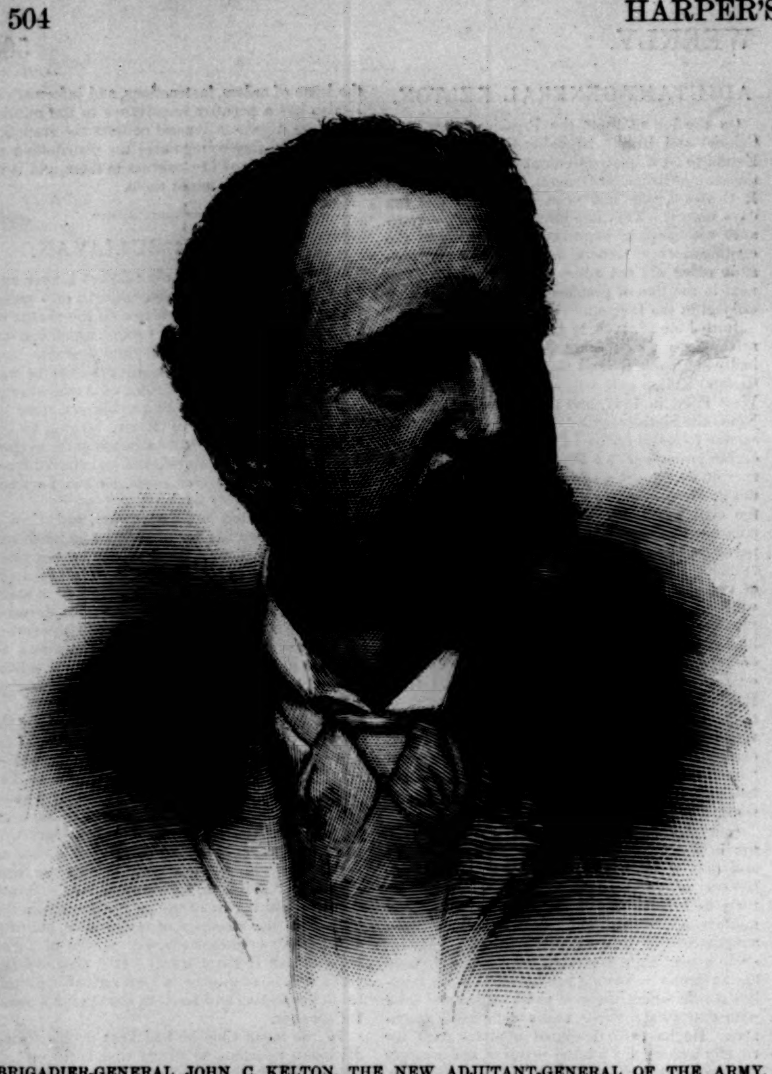
A FRIEND IN NEED.

BUNCO STEERER (*to farmer*). "Isn't this Mr. Swansdown of Grayneck Corners?"

FARMER. "That's me."

BUNCO STEERER. "My name is Jim Sharper, son of old man Sharper, the banker in your town."

FARMER. "Your looks don't show it; but, by gosh, Jim, I'm glad to see you! I dropped into Wall Street to-day, and you've got to help me git back to the Corners or I'll have to walk."



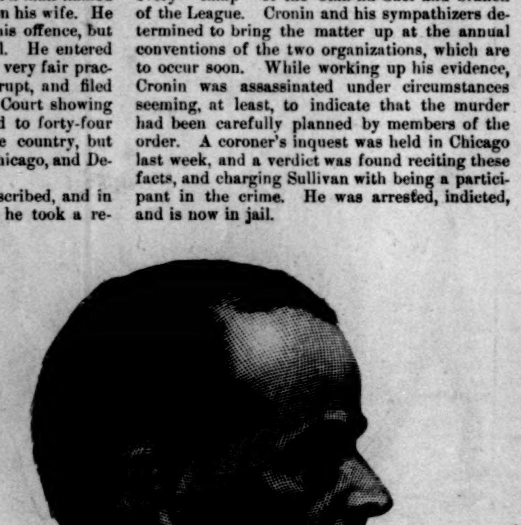
BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN C. KELTON, THE NEW ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE ARMY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 503.]

he was appointed Postmaster at Santa Fe, and had a similar experience as when Collector. His accounts were found to be incorrect by the Post-office Department, and were in such a shape that the Grand Jury of the Territorial Court found an indictment against him for embezzlement. He fled the jurisdiction, telling his friends that he was going to England and to Germany.

He went only as far as Chicago, where, after several unsuccessful attempts to enter commercial life, he became, in 1871, a reporter on the *Tribune* of that city. He made an energetic and successful newspaper man, but devoted all his spare time to politics. The latter rewarded him in due season by giving him, in 1873, a clerkship in the Board of Public Works. From this time on he has kept himself continually before the public eye. He shot and killed a man named Hanford for an alleged slander upon his wife. He was twice tried for murder for this offence, but was acquitted on the second trial. He entered the bar about 1875, and built up a very fair practice. In 1879 he became bankrupt, and filed schedules in the Illinois District Court showing debts amounting to $26,255, owed to forty-four creditors in various parts of the country, but more especially in New Mexico, Chicago, and Detroit.

During much of the period described, and in fact until a very short time ago, he took a remarkably active part in Irish affairs. He is said to have been a participant in the ill-starred Fenian movement, but this is hearsay. He was among the founders of the Land League in America, and afterward of the National League, its successor. He became in a short while one of its recognized orators, and was honored with its presidentship. He took an equally energetic interest in the organization known as the Clan-na-Gael, or United Brotherhood—a society which in character and purpose bears a striking resemblance to the Carbonari of Italy. He was its head several terms, and was long a member of what was known as the "triangle"—an executive committee of three officers of the Brotherhood, who enjoyed almost unlimited authority in the management of the order and the application of its funds.

It is in the application of these funds that the trouble which culminated in the murder of Cronin and the arrest of Sullivan has arisen. For several years it had been charged that the vast sums of money raised by the Clan-na-Gael had been either misused or malused by its officials. The charges finally took definite shape, and were formulated by a committee, of which Dr. Cronin was the central figure. Their gist was that the "triangle," and especially Alexander Sullivan, had converted the funds, and more particularly one sum of $100,000, to its or his own use. A preliminary examination by the officials of the order left the matter in about the same shape as before the inquiry, there being two reports—one exculpating and one inculpating the accused. Feeling ran high, and quarrel and contention occurred in every "camp" of the Clan-na-Gael and branch of the League. Cronin and his sympathizers determined to bring the matter up at the annual conventions of the two organizations, which are to occur soon. While working up his evidence, Cronin was assassinated under circumstances seeming, at least, to indicate that the murder had been carefully planned by members of the order. A coroner's inquest was held in Chicago last week, and a verdict was found reciting these facts, and charging Sullivan with being a participant in the crime. He was arrested, indicted, and is now in jail.



ALEXANDER SULLIVAN, OF CHICAGO, THE IRISH AGITATOR.
[SEE PAGE 503.]

In personal appearance Alexander Sullivan is at first sight disappointing. He is below medium stature, thin, slender, and of poor physique. His head is well shaped, the forehead high, the back head small, and the contour an oval, much more Greek than Milesian in type. The eyes are gray and of good size, the nose long and aquiline, the complexion sallow and bilious, the mouth large, the lips thin, and the teeth somewhat irregular. The general expression is that of a well-educated but overworked professional man.

In public meetings all this is changed the moment he rises to his feet. A sonorous and penetrating voice, a clear and manly enunciation, an admirable diction, a good flow of words, and a fine sense of the pathetic and dramatic, make him a public speaker of the best type. Among the many orators who have been identified with the Irish cause in this country, he has no superior except John C. Maguire, of Brooklyn. In working power and executive ability he deserves especial mention. Few can realize the difficulty of managing such heterogeneous bodies as the National League and the Clan-na-Gael. The controlling of great masses of men by parliamentary law is hard enough, but when these men are drawn from the most mercurial, excitable, and belligerent race in the world, the problem is rendered ten times as hard. His success, therefore, is evidence of a talent of a very high order.

THE TWOFOLD HOARD IN THE TREASURY.

THE week ends, in accordance with recent custom, with a large shipment of gold to Europe. The French steamer takes out nearly four million dollars of gold, and this time the stock-market was rather taken by surprise, the general opinion as late as Thursday being that no gold would go out this week. It is true that gold shipments ought not to cause surprise while sterling exchange continues to rule at current figures; but Wall Street seems always to be surprised when gold is sent to any European market other than London, and does not follow the rates of exchange between the chief European centres. Coming thus somewhat unexpectedly, and on a day when questions of rate-cutting among railroads both West and East were prominent, yesterday's engagements of gold had a depressing effect on the stock-market, and doubtless had a good deal of influence upon holders of stocks as well as upon operations for lower prices. At the same time no effect whatever was produced upon the money market. Indeed, there is extremely little change in money after several weeks of free exports of gold, which is to be explained by the fact that the domestic exchanges are at present generally in favor of this city, and that borrowers are not as numerous as they will be later in the season. And it is precisely on these accounts that the money market now deserves a degree of attention which it has not generally received.

We are at present dealing with money at 2 to 2½ per cent. on call, and so easy that the securities offered by borrowers are treated with much liberality. The receipts of money from interior markets, joined to the disbursements of the Treasury in regular course and for bond purchases, have so far prevented the export movement of gold from cramping the loan market. How much longer these conditions can last is what borrowers and lenders alike desire to know, and, as usual for many years past, the most uncertain element in the problem is the action of the Treasury. Other influences give signs in advance, and signs which men of business are trained to read and understand. But the course of the Treasury is peculiar, and in its most important influence upon the market, subject to other than business considerations. There is, and long has been, a general belief that the Treasury will let money out freely if necessity arises; but this is only the conviction that at some point in financial distress the Treasury will know how to afford relief. It has always been so since the Treasury held too much money; periods of great ease in the money market have been succeeded by rising rates and growing stringency, until the position becoming unbearable, the Treasury is at last moved to restore to circulation some considerable amount of its unnecessary and unbusinesslike hoard. Are we to see this happen again in 1889, after more than twenty years' experience of just such vicissitudes?

The evil effects upon general business of the Treasury's own hoard have been modified, thanks to the initiative of Mr. Fairchild, by an expansion of the system of government deposits, and the relief thus afforded can be estimated by attempting to consider what the position would be if these deposits were withdrawn without a simultaneous purchase by the Treasury of the bonds which it holds as security for the deposits. The purchases of bonds, though made daily, are fitful in amount, and recently small. They need to be materially increased before money in natural course becomes active again, unless the Treasury deposits can be raised to a much higher total than at present. Such an increase of deposits in a time of easy money would facilitate purchases of bonds when money becomes more active. But after all has been done that can be done in these two ways with the hoard which is actually owned by the Treasury, there remains the vast accumulation in the Treasury of lawful money held for the redemption of national bank-notes. This special accumulation amounted at the beginning of this week to $80,119,425, and it is increasing by the surrender of national bank-notes about as fast as it is reduced by their actual redemption and cancellation. No less than eighty millions of money is thus locked up in the Treasury, aside from its own accumulations, deposited there by national banks which withdrew their bonds pledged as security for circulation, and thus washed their hands of this amount of notes of their own issue.

What must be done to get this vast sum out of the Treasury and back into circulation? The attempt to pass a bill authorizing the investment of part of it in United States bonds came to nothing, and indeed the weight of reason was against it. If it could be deposited with the national banks that would be a great gain, and would also facilitate the redemption of the bank-notes for which it is held, but it seems impossible to find banks to take it, owing to scarcity of bonds for security. All that can be hoped is to hasten the presentation of the surrendered bank-notes, which would bring out the hoarded deposit once for all. The Treasury might help in this direction by furnishing to banks in the reserve cities a list of surrendered notes; and the banks themselves, which regularly sort the currency they receive, would do well to send to Washington for redemption all the bank-notes they can spare. And with all that can be done to reduce this dangerously large hoard of lawful money, the Treasury will still need to put out all it can by way of deposits and of purchase of bonds before the exchanges again turn against New York city. The course of trade and speculation shows that the people want the use of their money, and they want it in time.

H. J. MACDONALD.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, June* 15, 1889.

THOUGH SHAKEN LIKE A LEAF

By the most trivial causes, weak nerves are easily susceptible of invigoration, a term which also imports, in this instance, quietude. The nervous have but to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters systematically to overcome that super-sensitiveness of the human sensorium, which is subversive of all bodily comfort and mental tranquillity, and which reacts most hurtfully upon the system. The difficulty underlying this, as well as many other ailments, is imperfect assimilation, no less than incomplete digestion of the food. In the discharge of both the digestive and assimilative functions, the Bitters are the most potent, the most reliable auxiliary. As the body regains vigor and regularity by its aid, the brain and nervous system are also benefited. Persons subject to the influence of malaria, dyspeptic and rheumatic invalids, and persons whose kidneys are inactive, should also use the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

THE centennial of Washington's Inauguration, which has been celebrated in such regal style throughout the country, recalls another event for which all our loyal citizens should be thankful, viz.:—the invention of Pears' Soap, the purest, best, most economical, and therefore the most popular of all soaps. For the complexion it cannot be equalled, and its other sterling qualities render it invaluable to all with whom "cleanliness is next to godliness."

For one hundred years Pears' Soap has been held in the highest estimation in all parts of the civilized world, and this year is the anniversary of Queen Charlotte's visit to Pears' establishment, where she purchased this valued and valuable article for the complexion. She prized the product of Pears' ingenuity, and by her example "set the style" among her subjects; but since that time its fame has spread to both hemispheres, and is now as much appreciated among connoisseurs in toilet necessities in the New World as it has been for a century in the Old. —[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADD 20 drops of ANGOSTURA BITTERS to every glass of impure water you drink.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

THE benefits of vacation season may be greatly enhanced, if, at the same time, the blood is being cleansed and vitalized by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A good appetite, fresh vigor, and buoyant spirits attend the use of this wonderful medicine.—[*Adv.*]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

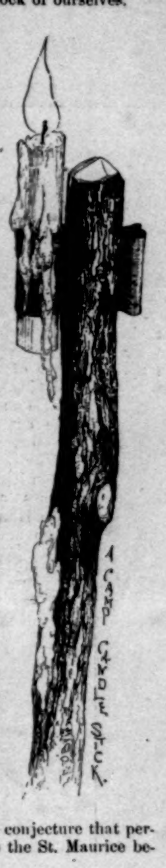
ON THE ST. MAURICE RIVER.

BY FREDERICK POLLOCK.

SOME authorities consider the habitations and haunts of men as cities, towns, villages, or country, defining these terms in various ways. Thus the city of Three Rivers, at the confluence of the St. Maurice and the St. Lawrence, half-way between Montreal and Quebec, became so by discovery after a recent census that it had reached the number of ten thousand inhabitants. Thereupon it declared itself no longer a town, but a true and perfect city, as, according to the laws and customs of the Province of Quebec, it might, though to the outward eye the public buildings of Three Rivers—the hotel, the "salon de barbier trifluoica," the resources of the stores, and the general appearances of activity—would betoken rather a town than a city, and not a very large or busy town. According to our English books, a town is a place which has or hath had a church and divine service and a constable, so that many small or even deserted villages must be towns in law, and on the other hand the *township* (if we may make it an abstract noun) of many considerable collections of streets and houses which are elaborately policed, educated, repaired, sanitated, and inspected under a tangle of modern statutes and by-laws, may be doubtful for want of a history going back to the days of the old-fashioned constable. Whether this best can be satisfied in Canada, or in the United States out of New England, and two or three of the other early plantations, I cannot tell, not knowing, indeed, what makes a lawful town in Lower Canada. But if there be any rule of proportion in these things, Grandes Piles is a goodly town, for it hath a railway terminus, and a lumber trade, and a store where there is French mustard, this last being a universal note of Lower Canadian patriotism in even the smallest Lower Canadian grocery store. "Notre langue, nos lois, notre moutarde," is the motto of the French Canadian journals; but I am quoting from memory, and may have got something slightly wrong. And so it seems that Three Rivers and Grandes Piles, being the only collective habitations of men with which our journey has to do, are now sufficiently defined as to their rank. There is, however, another manner of division which is of more practical use to the traveller, being founded, not on technical distinctions, but on the nature of things. In some places, as Montreal, New York, London, and Paris, men wear white collars every day of the week. In some they wear collars on Sundays, as at universities, watering-places, and summer resorts generally. In some they may wear collars if they please, but the wise man does not in the Keene Valley as at Clovelly (both names of great significance for those who deserve the knowledge) and up the St. Maurice River. I am not unaware that in some places it is an offence to wear collars, and commonly punishable with summary confiscation of any other valuables one may be carrying, as in the quarters of Paris where the chiffonniers, before they were disestablished, made themselves houses of old sardine boxes, and sat in them in rows on Sunday mornings, with their boots sticking out of the doors. But this is a special and curious branch of inquiry, to pursue which would lead us too far from the argument. There is nothing, I repeat, in the civil code of Lower Canada to prevent a man from wearing collars on the St. Maurice; as a fact, however, we did not see any, and a more collarless region within the range of civilized countries would be difficult to find.

How did we come to go up the St. Maurice River? Two years ago, no such matter being in our thoughts, Mr. O'Brien was with us at Clovelly, and fell in love with Clovelly at first sight. On the days when we went out sailing the talk would fall on the great waters of Canada, the sailing on the lakes, and the canoeing on the rivers. Once Mr. O'Brien said, among such talk, "Why don't you come out and see a Canadian river for yourselves?" or words to that effect. Such words mostly pass off light as thistle-down. We all know the travellers who say with benevolent pity, Why don't you go to Constantinople, to the Nile, to India, to Ceylon, to Japan, to Hawaii, to Kilima-Njaro, to Patagonia? and to whom we answer with a shrug or a sigh that life is short, and leisure shorter. This time such an answer came to the lips; but close upon it followed the better thought, Why not, indeed? The proved love of Clovelly and its ways, which we knew, gave weight to our friend's assurance concerning the scenes and the ways of Canadian holidays which we did not know. Then there were standing promises and half promises already exchanged with certain learned friends dwelling, as it were, in the transplanted flower and paradise of the Common Law (to wit, in the County of Suffolk, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts), and with certain scholars and philosophers of that Cambridge which puzzles an Englishman, yet with a thoroughly English disregard of external congruities, by being in Essex; of which promises, be it said in passing, the fulfilment was found delightful and fruitful even beyond expectation. In short, the stray seed took root and grew. And so it was that on a day early in August, 1884, a canoeing party was assembled at the city of Three Rivers aforesaid. It consisted of the Painter (otherwise Le Capitaine), inventor and director of the expedition, the Professor, the Frau Professorin (otherwise Madame), and three sturdy lumbermen, who, notwithstanding that one of them bore the name of Peter Ball, mustered about a dozen English phrases between them. The Painter knew the lower reaches of the river from Grandes Piles to its mouth (about thirty miles), but not the upper part. The plan was to take the railway to Grandes Piles, thence ascend the river as far as might be convenient, and canoe down its whole length to Three Rivers; and so it was performed. A curious observer might have guessed our intentions from the small bulk of our personal baggage compared with the Painter's tents and cooking apparatus, well tried in former camping tours, which seemed quite to fill up the ground-floor of the principal hotel of Three Rivers. Then in that evening and the early hours of the next morning ensued solemn consultation with the canoemen and ransacking of the stores of Three Rivers for provision of divers kinds; and we learned that there exists a city, professing to combine the resources of English and French civilization, in which it may be impossible to get bacon at less than twenty-four hours' notice, and far from easy to get a knife that will cut. The pleasing uncertainty of language adds to the interest of shopping in a Lower Canadian town. Broadly speaking, English will be acceptable in the larger stores, and French in the smaller ones. Whether the French you get in exchange will be intelligible is another matter. And so we quit the principal hotel of Three Rivers, nothing loath, with no more than time to catch the one train on the branch line— "But what! No frying-pan! I thought you had bought a frying-pan," cries the Painter. "I thought there was one among your cooking machines," cries the Professor. We pull up and supply the dreadful omission at the hardware store in such haste as can be made in dealing with a well-meaning old lady who speaks no English and not much French; and after some anxious moments we still save our train, and are soon at peace.

A small branch railroad has a soothing effect. This from Three Rivers was one train a day; it starts about the appointed time, and arrives at Grandes Piles at any time consistent with going back to Three Rivers in the course of the afternoon, a journey which cannot be altogether dispensed with, as the line owns but one engine. We stop at various places, by no means always at a station, to pick up or deposit a truck-load of lumber; we learn various things about the St. Maurice River from a fellow-passenger, who turns out to be a partner in the chief business of that region; among others, that we shall get no salmon, and that the elegant trout rod we bought at Montreal is not much more to the purpose. But we are at Grandes Piles, a white hamlet (and white hot in the August mid-day) consisting of the railway terminus, a large saw-mill, a small inn, a post-office and general store, and a timber wharf. From the landing-place we look up the broad river, divided by long and massive booms, whose uses are mysterious to the stranger, to the rounded heights between which our journey lies. And here it is proper that, not omitting the light of the following three weeks' experience, we take stock of ourselves.


A CAMP CANDLE STICK.

Two canoes, a larger and a smaller, three travellers, of whom two are able-bodied, and one is expert in this kind of work, three lumbermen, and a proportionate quantity of *butin*, as they conveniently call the whole of the dead-weight added to the canoes: these are the elements. Our normal arrangement was to put the travellers and the head man in the large canoe, the other two men and the bulk of the *butin* in the small one. This had its drawbacks, for the large canoe was a rather heavy goer, and moreover afflicted with invincible ignorance of the art of being steered—a thing not natural in a birch-bark canoe, which, if well built, ought to steer exquisitely. On stationary days we paddled about in the small canoe as a luxury. Concerning paddling in general there is little to be said; the first step of casting away prejudices derived from rowing does not take long; but the guiding of a canoe in broken waters requires mastery and judgment such as can be gained only by long experience. Concerning our equipment, it was of almost barbarous simplicity, and much best so. The Painter had, indeed, a kind of nest of little pots and tin boxes inside a great cooking-pot, which was a pretty study in the way of using up space; but there were no complicated inventions about our camp, unless a stylographic pen be reckoned such; we dispensed even with a lantern. The naked light set on an improvised candle-stick, as per margin, to use the classical English of official papers, does not afford great facilities for reading and writing; but then gossip round the camp fire is more inviting than the practice of those accomplishments after a day's paddling. A few books go a long way on such a journey; there will be enough if every member of the party takes one or two favorite authors. The Professor doth confess to a pocket Homer, and flatters himself with the conjecture that peradventure Odysseus never voyaged so far up the St. Maurice before.

To celebrate our canoe-men fitly would require a minute knowledge of the French Canadian language in both narrator and listener. The local color of their words and works evaporates in English. In general type they were not unlike the guides one might find in French-speaking parts of the Alps, a little out of the highways of mountaineering; accustomed to long working hours and the roughest fare for themselves, and not quite seeing by the light of nature that the traveller's aim is not mere getting along, and that he will spend a little more time and take some little trouble for the sake of doing things more pleasantly; but apt at finding out their employers' wishes on better acquaintance, and indefatigable in executing them. The number of pounds of pork and biscuit which those three men converted into muscular energy was remarkable, but never was that kind of conversion more effectual. In the combination of a frank and independent manner, with perfect courtesy, they resembled Alpine guides; but this seems common to all sorts of men who live face to face with the elements in disciplined or concerted employments, from the seafaring Greek warriors of Homer to modern English fishermen. They had no touch, however, of the dash and enterprise and enjoyment of the work, for its own sake, which one usually finds in a good guide, whether German or French speaking. Once the Painter proposed to Théophile to make trial—without Madame and the *butin*, of course—of shooting a minor rapid, which is not regularly shot, but looked to him practicable. Théophile would have absolutely nothing to say about it. He would take any risk that came in the day's work; but whatever went beyond this was "de l'ambition," and sure to have a bad end in some way. At the outset there was some difficulty in persuading Théophile, Pierre, and Adolphe that the party was not undermanned; they would hardly believe in travellers taking any substantial share of work; but the first day up the river settled that point. In the latter days Théophile became quite ingenious in making things comfortable. One hot Sunday at La Tuque (the highest point of our exploration) we came back to camp from visiting the rapids and falls, and found it adorned with a shady grove of young branches, to which the spare flies of one of the tents were also cunningly stretched out; another time Théophile employed the mid-day halt in fitting the canoe with an awning for the special convenience of Madame. Théophile, however, could be tenacious in some small matters, and in one he had his revenge. It appears to be a sacred custom of camp life to make tea, whether morning or evening, as soon as any water is hot, and leave it to stew at the edge of the camp fire while the rest of the meal is preparing. At last we determined to revolt against over-stewed tea-leaves, and suggested to Théophile that he might reverse the order of his operations, and let the tea stand for about five minutes instead of fifty. Next time Théophile presented the teapot to us with the words, "J'ai bouillanté le thé pendant cinq minutes, comme madame me l'a dit": and this formula was never afterward varied or omitted. The tea was hopelessly weak, but our mouths were closed. I do not think the verb *bouillanter* is to be found in Littré. So much the worse for Littré. Neither is the extended usage of *emmancher* and *démancher*, verbs of all work, without which affairs could not be carried on at all up the St. Maurice. I conjecture that *emmancher* has been influenced in this respect by "fix up"; for there is a good deal of Anglo-Americanism about Lower Canadian French in common usage, whatever is said—and may be true, for ought I know, of the language of highly educated persons—for its claims to represent the pure French of the monarchy before boulevards and *feuilletons* were invented. Anyhow, the regular answer to any small request was, "Je vais vous emmancher cela, madame"; and the final act of striking camp in the morning was no less regularly announced by the question, "Faut-il démancher la tente?" For the rest, we were struck by the meagreness of our canoe-men's vocabulary. They seemed to lack words to express distinctions perfectly familiar to them in fact. *Sapin* included every coniferous tree, and though fully aware of the existence of owls, they called the loon *hibou*. Popular Canadian French, altogether, has the air of a stunted and misthriven dialect.

Not the least point in the voyageur's skill is the choice of camping-ground, if we apply the old name of voyageur to the modern lumberman, now that the old calling is practically extinct. During our three weeks on the St. Maurice we had only one bad camp. A pleasant site, a good access to the river for water supply and bathing, a space round the tents clear from dense wood, which harbors flies, and with this a moderate elevation above the river-level, and a supply of balsam or hemlock boughs to make beds of—such are the conditions of a camp to be remembered with pleasure. The bad one was on the Bostonnais River, a tributary which drains a lake of the same name.* We found ourselves compelled to halt in a cramped situation at the beginning of a troublesome portage about three miles long, and much gone to decay and obstructed by windfalls and slashes. Over this portage we took only the small canoe, and left behind everything we could spare for a couple of days. Now there are trout in the Bostonnais River above the falls which are circumvented by this portage—whereby it came to pass that our elegant fishing-tackle was not forth-coming in the one piece of water where it could have been effectively used. Not that, as regards the ultimate purpose of getting fish for supper, it mattered much; Théophile disappeared into the woods, regardless of black-flies, with a freshly cut rod that in his hands did just as well. But the Bostonnais River is a charming bit of navigation, an idyllic episode relieving the epic breadth and volume of the St. Maurice; its falls would anywhere else be a show sight (the Painter sat sketching them till we had almost to carry him off by force to prevent him from being eaten up by the black-flies), and the two days of island camping on the lake were delicious.

We had broken away from even the scattered farm-houses along the St. Maurice, and were in absolute solitude, but for the shanty of a half-breed Indian who built canoes all by himself with a crooked knife made of an old file set in a handle of cedar root. Only in one respect nature was marred by the works of man; the dam above-mentioned had so sensibly raised the level of the water as to drown the roots of many trees, and the shore and the islands were fringed with dead standing wood. Almost the only sound to be heard on the lake besides those proceeding from our own camp was the half-human cry of the loon, and sometimes its still more human laughing note. Twice only we slept under a roof during our three weeks' expedition, and once we repented it. The night of which we did not repent was passed in a substantial farm-house at a point called Grande Anse, which gave us opportunities of observing divers points of French Canadian householding, such as building the oven out-of-doors at some distance from the house. Here, too, we saw the winter hunting-gear laid by, and came in for tales of bears.

A camp which divided our affections with that of the lake, and to which we returned on the way down, was at the mouth of the Caribou River, another and smaller tributary. There was a fair open space, gently trending down to the river, with a mighty pine-tree that formed a natural landmark; on one side the wood, fragrant with balsam pines, and abundant in wild raspberries; on the other, the estuary of the little river, with a flat expanse of sand between banks rapidly rising inland, which somehow carried back one's thoughts to moraines and glacier streams (a moraine may be a picturesque object when you have not to walk on it), and just enough traces of lumbermen's work to prevent the spot from being utterly savage. We staid longer at other places, yet this camp, as a camp, was the most perfect. Our days at Shawenegan Falls were memorable, but for things outside the encampment: we spent the time in studying the falls round and about, under sunshine and cloud, and in the light of different times of day. How one envies the white men who could camp at Niagara before there were hotels and paper-mills! And then it was our last encampment, and we glorified our last camp fire with passing great stumps of cedar and spruce, not to be seen, much less burnt, on European rivers; and the Grand Remou—a lake-like bight into which the river spreads out below the gorge of the fall—was charming to look forth upon in the mornings and evenings; and the little Shawenegan River that comes in at the corner farthest from the main current, about the size of a Devonshire stream, such as the East Lyn, and with miniature rapids—"stockles," as we say in England—and falls of its own, gave us an amusing ramble or two and a new scale to estimate the dimensions of the St. Maurice by. At La Tuque, again, the scenery of the rapids was exquisite, but our camp was pitched in a civilized meadow quite near habitations. The meadow was full of crickets, merry, innocent creatures, but they would be better company if one did not want to dust them out of the tent before turning in for the night. Moreover, there were mosquitoes of a peculiarly ferocious gray variety with speckled legs. Then we had an attack of *loûlobs*—an almost invisible midge, which comes out in swarms about sunrise and sunset, and feels, as the Painter expressed it, like a shower of hot needles. Tobacco and smudge, however, afford a fair measure of local and personal relief against this kind of trouble. And the interest of La Tuque is great. The name comes of the cap-like rounded cliff that seems to close all view up the river; but that is not the most interesting feature. A fall, not of imposing mass, but perfect in form and setting, which plunges into a rock basin with a swelling curve of smooth unbroken water, and a long reach of rapids below it, are enough to cause even those who are no painters to think their journey well repaid. The form of the cliff above-mentioned is characteristic of the Laurentian rocks, and often recurs on the banks of the St. Maurice. When the dip of the stratification is moderate the slabs make a series of oblique ledges, which, as any one who has climbed or walked on rocks will understand, afford convenient walking to the traveller. But where the dip is increased, the slabs, being tilted almost or quite on end, form exceedingly steep cliffs, of which the most celebrated and frequented examples are to be found on the lower Saguenay. The summits have always, I believe, a rounded profile. Neither on the Saguenay nor on the St. Maurice is

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* The nomenclature of the only detailed map I have seen (issued by the government of the province) does not altogether agree with that which we picked up *viva voce*.

GRAND'MER

there anything like the boldly squared lines of a granite coast or of the Dartmoor tors. As good a specimen as any of the general character of the river-shores is afforded by their aspect at Rapide Croche, the first rapids below La Tuque.

It is an abrupt meeting of oblique and vertical strata that has determined the singular and impressive course of the river at Shawenegan. Above the falls there is a broad placid reach divided by a chain of islands, a system of booms, and a channel leading to a timber slide; in short, the usual signs of an abrupt change of level which cause the canoe-man, if not already possessed of local knowledge, to travel cautiously, and look about for the portage. Then comes the water-fall; not a clear plunge over an upright barrier, but a broken tumultuous descent of tawny waters, rushing and tossing in complex yet definite forms. Thus far there is nothing to be called unusual in its kind. But now the whole moving mass of the river is flung against a vertical face of rock; the gently dipping ledges which have made an easy path for it are cut short, and there is no straightforward way of escape. Driven back upon itself, the water becomes a whirlpool, not very large in surface, but deep and strong, known as Remou du Diable. Emerging from this tormented spot, it forces its way out in the line of the fault, between the inexorable wall on the left and the shelving bank from whose height it has fallen, on the right. Among these ledges many a tiny stream from the overflow of the falls may be seen picking its way, on a humble scale, in just the same fashion. Having taken up the stream diverted for a timber slide, and therewith the timber at such times as it is sent down, the river unruffles itself into the expanse of the Grand Remou. Finally the stream is gathered up, and resumes its general southerly direction, but not without having completely turned round upon itself. At Grand'mer, not very far above, the river, split into two branches, makes a fine double fall, and there likewise expands into a pool, as I take the name to import; it is sometimes written Grand'mère, but this has no meaning in the absence of a local tradition which might explain it, and we could not hear of any; besides, there is no authoritative spelling in these parts. There is another dubious question at this place, namely, how Salvator Rosa came to paint the rocks of Grand'mer, or they came to build the rocks of Grand'mer out of Salvator Rosa's pictures: but as to this I cannot offer even a conjecture.

Some of the local names—this in particular—may suggest questions about sport. As to fishing we have already explained ourselves. The St. Maurice does not breed the nobler fish, but maskilonge may be had in any reasonable quantity by trolling with a spoon bait while the canoe is travelling. They would be called coarse fish in Europe, being of the

pike tribe, but
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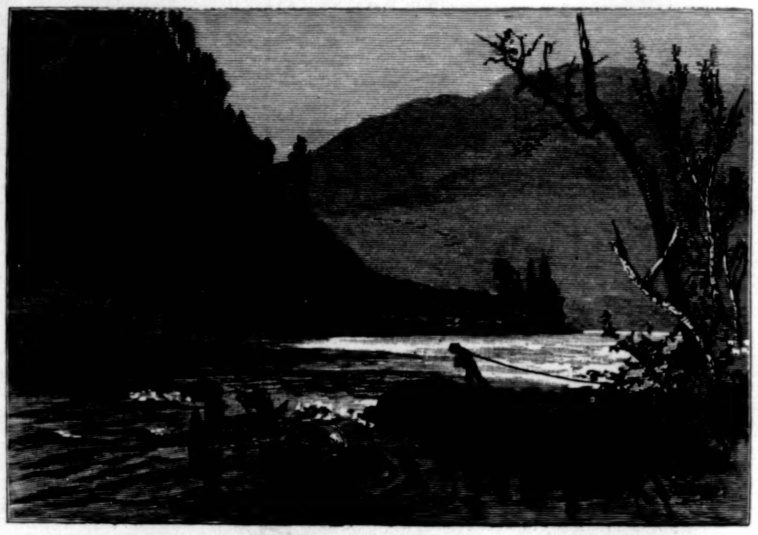
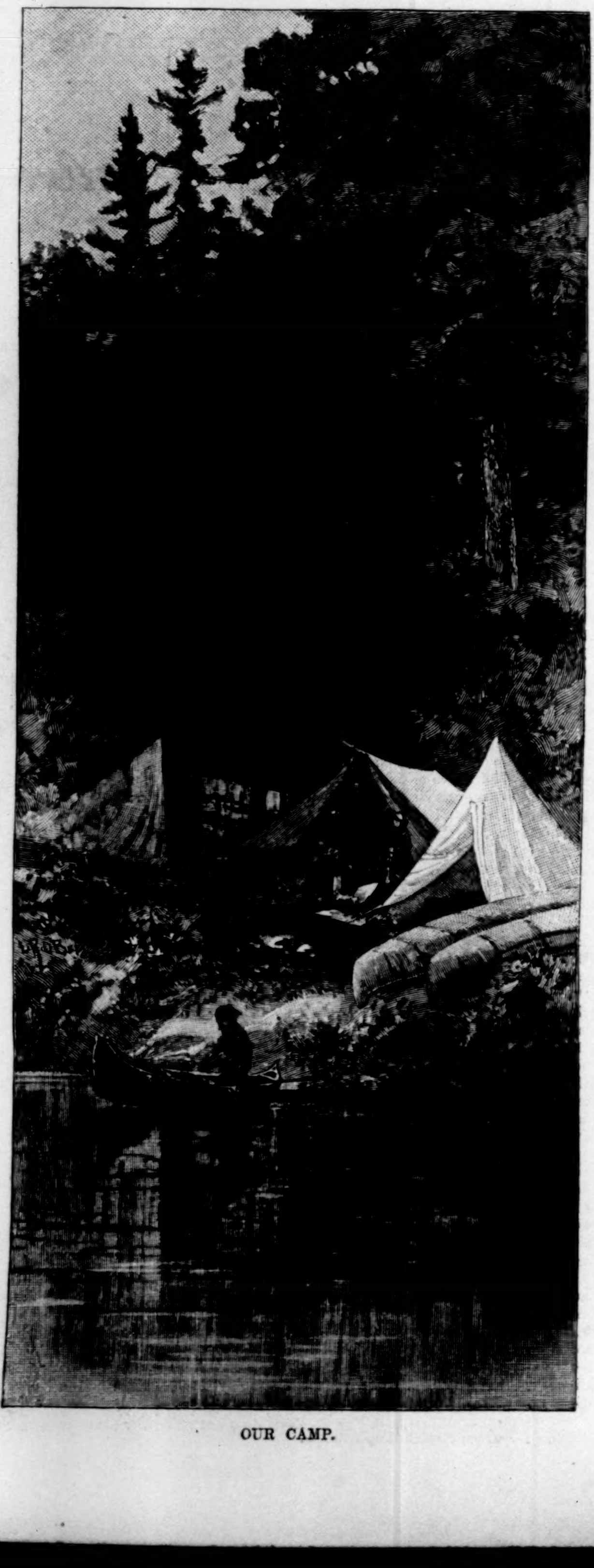
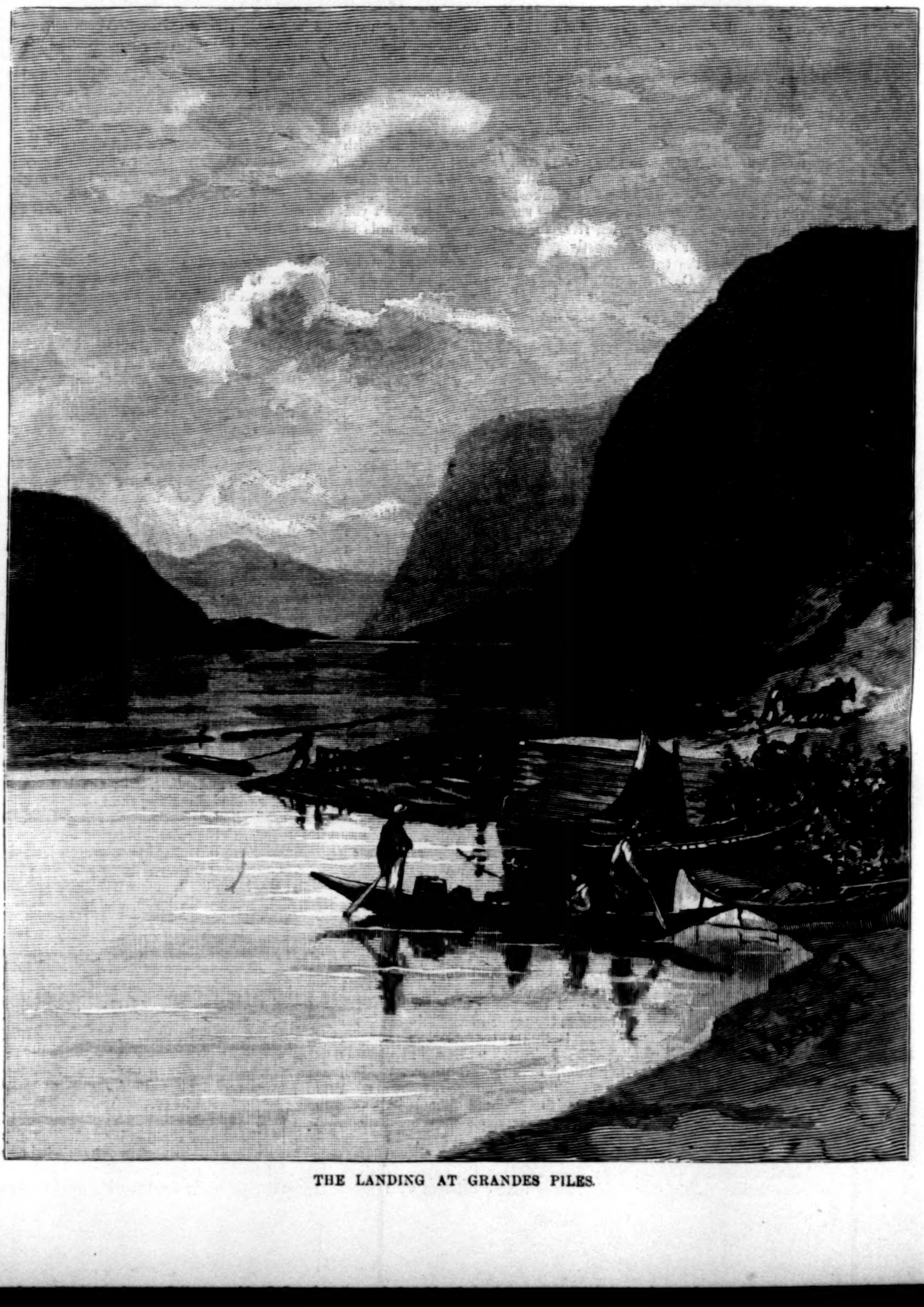


WORKING UP RAPIDE MANIGANCE (RIVER ST. MAURICE).

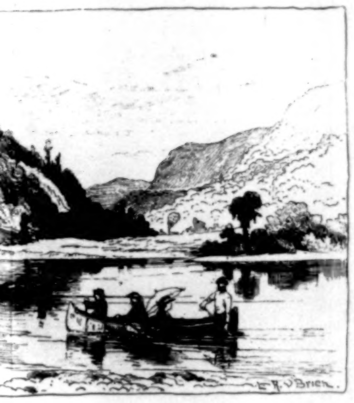


OUR CAMP.



THE LANDING AT GRANDES PILES.

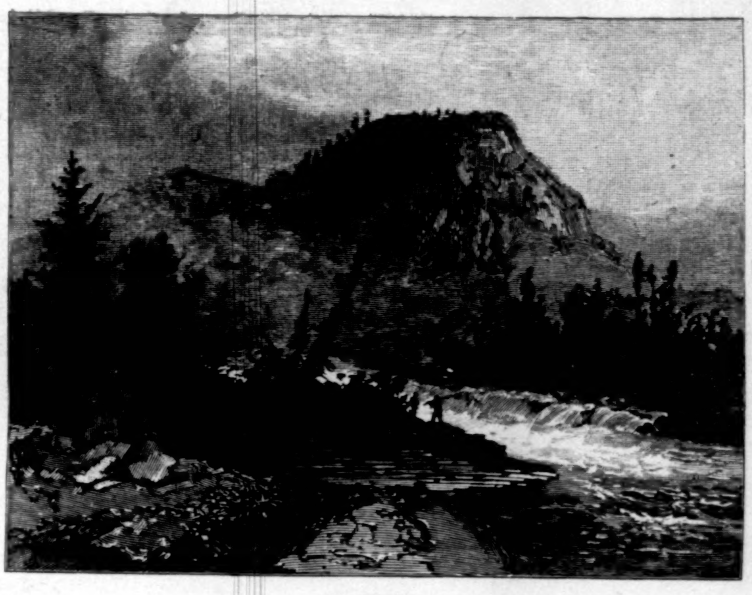
RIVIÈRE



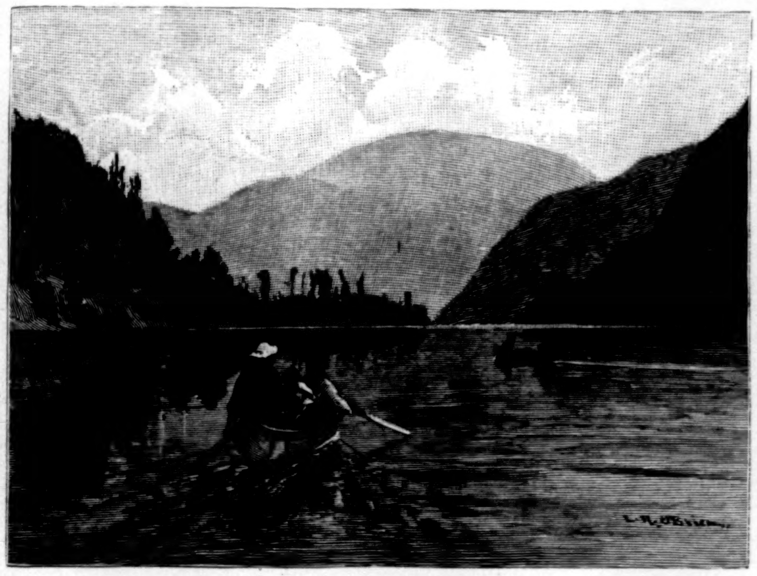
ERE AUX RATS.

out they are quite good
n one has been pad-
y. As to shooting, we
fire-arm of any kind
but there was nothing
e of year for a gun to
d been there. A Eu-
tor is struck by the ab-
ible wild animals, four-
lying, in the Canadian
e saw tracks of caribou
and once, I think, of
d once the youngest of
men said he saw a
ning, but the other two
othing of it, and had
at him, as Sir Thomas
uld say. Birds were
rce. The loons on the
Lake and a solitary
the Little Shawenegan
ch stood unconcerned
till the canoe's bows
ched him, about made
ount. In the winter
f course, everything
different, but the local
uld hardly do as a
Rivière aux Rats,
lodged in a fair speci-
second-rate *habitant's*
was a nocturnal adventure, but not of rats. They were no rats that caused the Painter and the Professor to confront one another at dead of night with looks of despair, and after a brief council march out to the ruder but better shelter of a spacious barn with clean hay, the slovenly, good-natured *habitant* and his wife meanwhile volubly lamenting that such things should be, and protesting that it was quite unheard-of and inexplicable, though certainly three priests had staid in the house about a week before. Wherefore the Painter and the Professor and the Frau Professorin sorely repented them that they had forsaken their tents that night and put their trust in a roof. Neither were they consoled by any improvement on their camp fare in the way of meals. It is understood that French provincial cookery is capable of being detestable, and I suppose that the country cookery faithfully represents the tradition of small French villages before the Revolution.

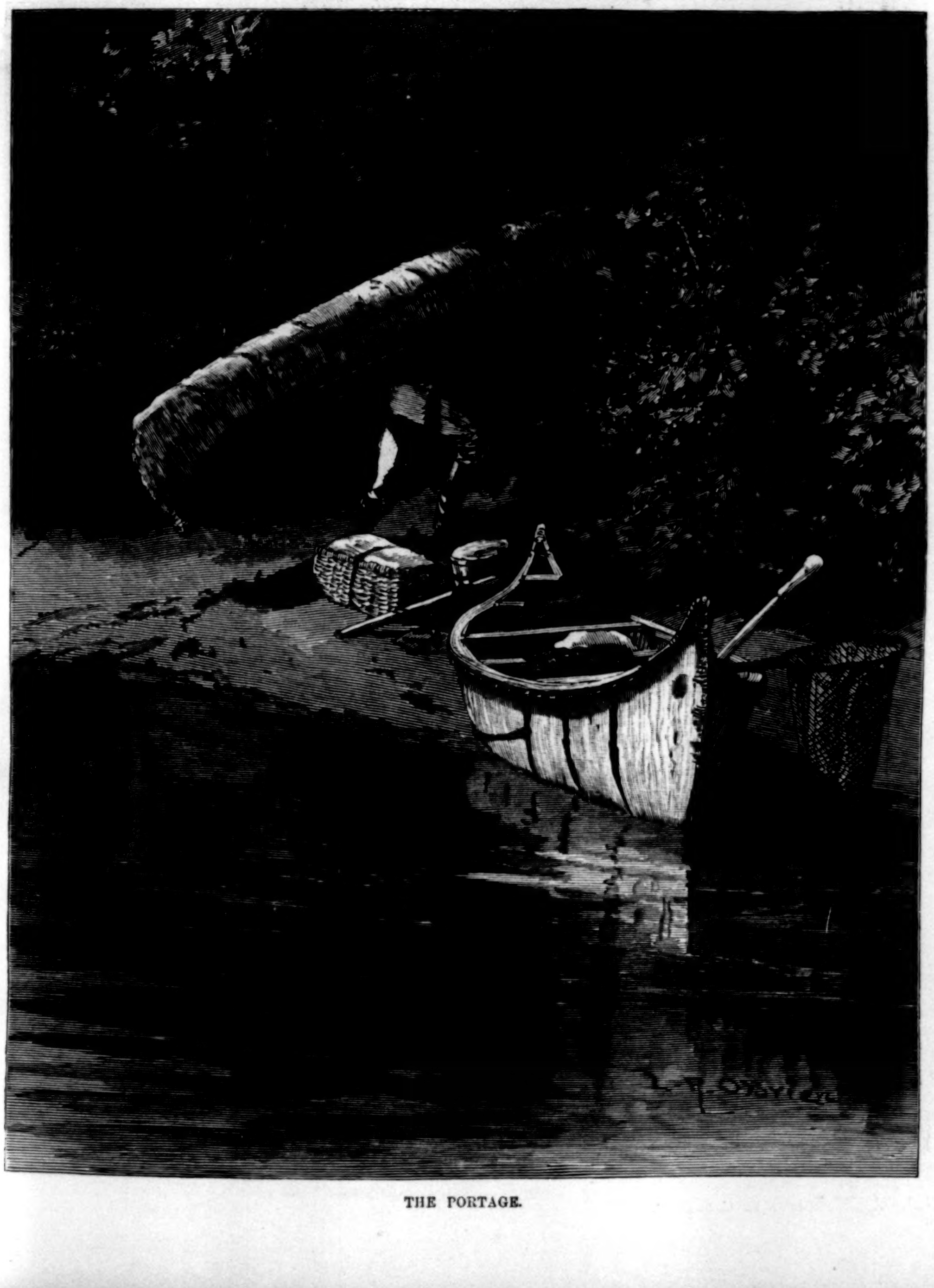
The navigation of the St. Maurice does not present any features of surprising novelty, but is varied enough to avoid any reproach of monotony. Poling and towing were more called for on the upward journey than we should have desired if it had been left to our choice. The stream is broad and strong, and in some parts contending with it is laborious at best. On one or two days we could hardly do any straightforward paddling. But the traveller has his revenge on the return voyage. Once we ran down in half an hour a reach that we had consumed half a day in working up. Apart from falls, there are not many considerable rapids: thus at Croche and Manigance the canoes may, on the ascent, have to be put over a corner of rock by hand, but there is nothing amounting to a portage. In descending the river these rapids are shot without difficulty. The very pretty rapids of Petites Piles, just below the railway terminus of Grandes Piles, whence we canoed upward, involve a short portage. This was where Théophile flatly refused to have anything to do with *l'ambition*, so that the probability of shooting that rapid must remain for us a pious opinion founded on the Painter's conjecture. On the main stream the portages are well kept, but it is a different matter when one gets on a byway. Below Grandes Piles there is a good deal of engineering, mainly in the interest of the lumber trade. Timber slides, dams, cribs, and the rest of it are quite unlike anything familiar to European travellers, and it would take a long time to lose the sense of novelty in their aspect. As regards communication with the outer world, we mostly did without it. Once or twice we found occasions for sending letters down, but the river is little frequented by travellers. The only strangers we met were a party of missionary priests. At Three Rivers, indeed, they kept a postal address for us; it consisted of the simple and comprehensive words, "Up river," whose virtue sufficed to bring our correspondence to meet us at Grandes Piles on our way down.



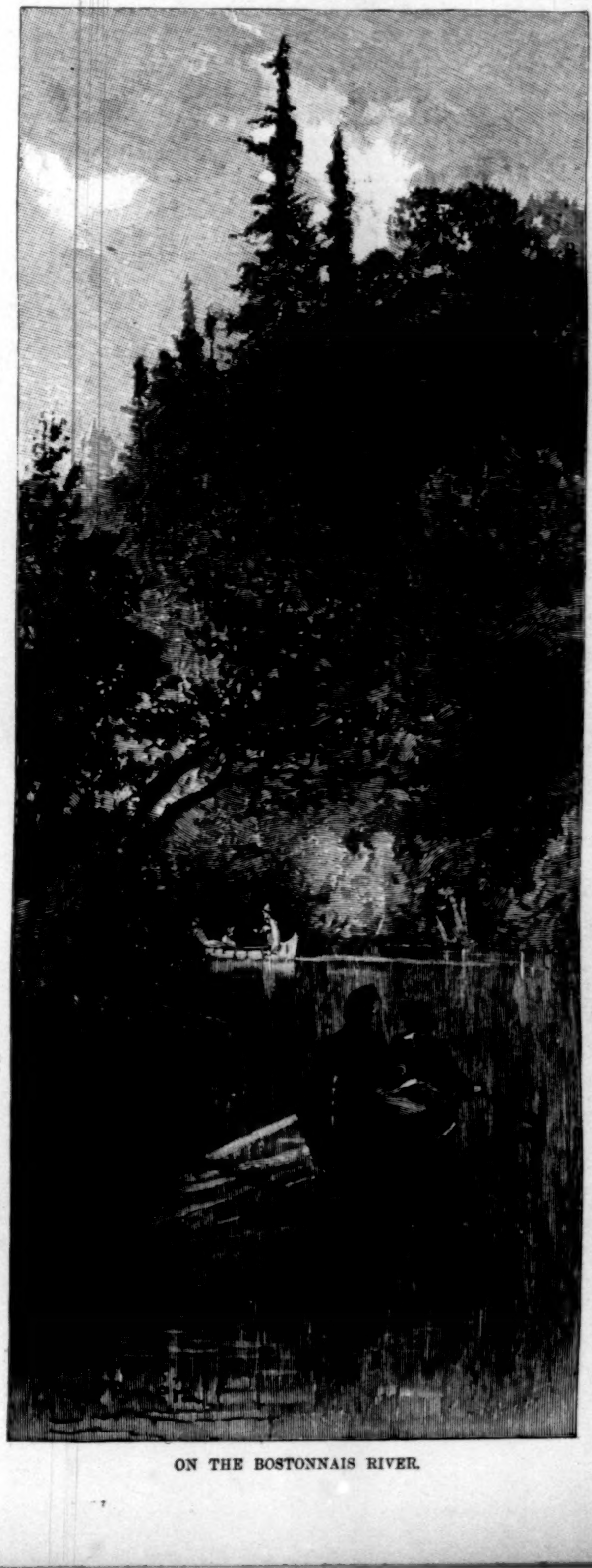
LA TUQUE.



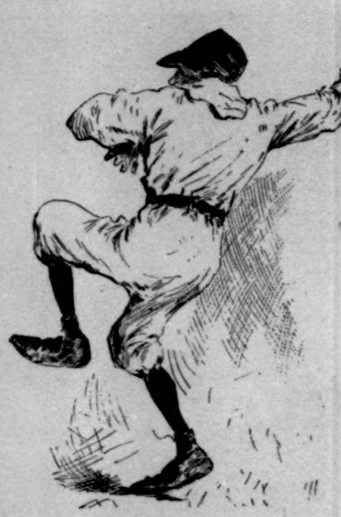
RAPIDE CROCHE MOUNTAIN.



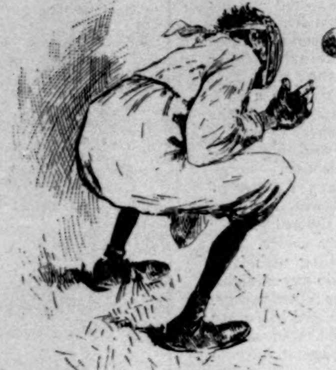
THE PORTAGE.



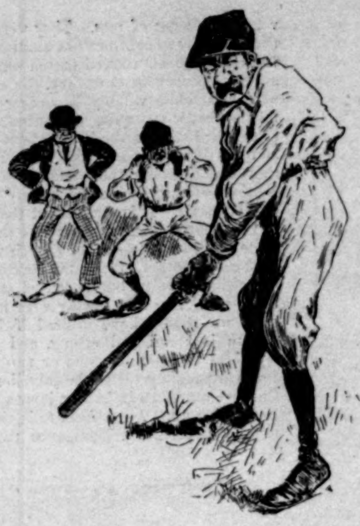
ON THE BOSTONNAIS RIVER.



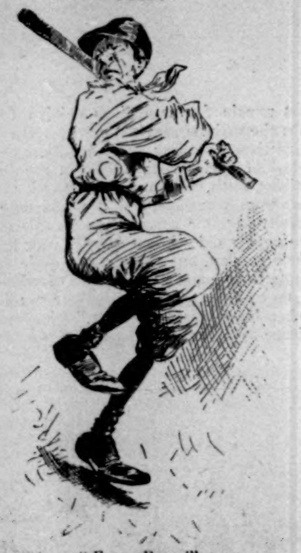
"Play!"



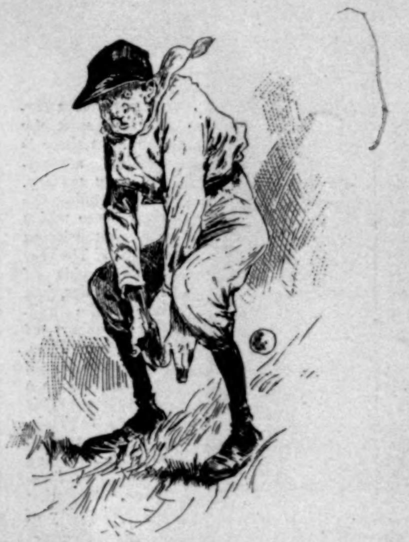
"Look out for Second!"



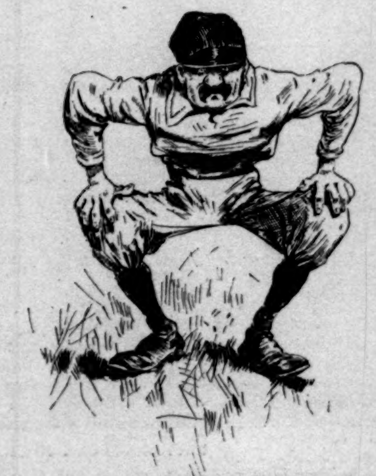
"Two Out!"



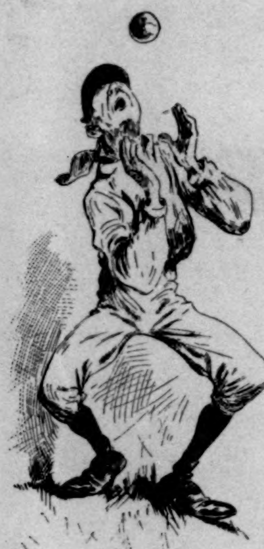
"Foul Ball!"



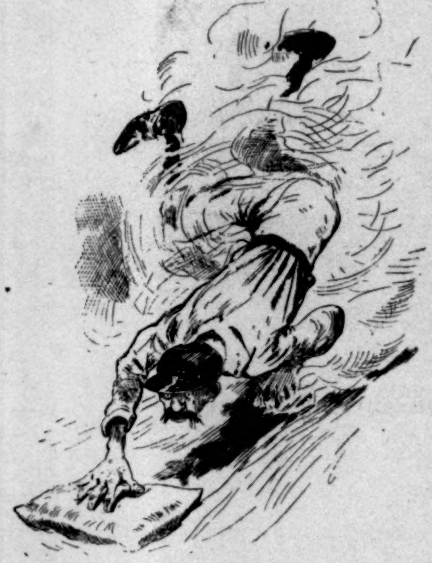
"——!!!"



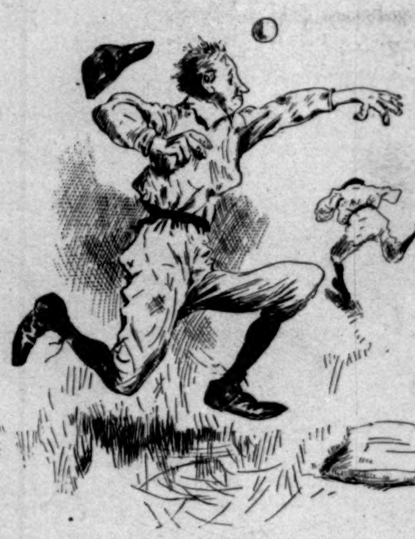
"Look out, Shorty!"



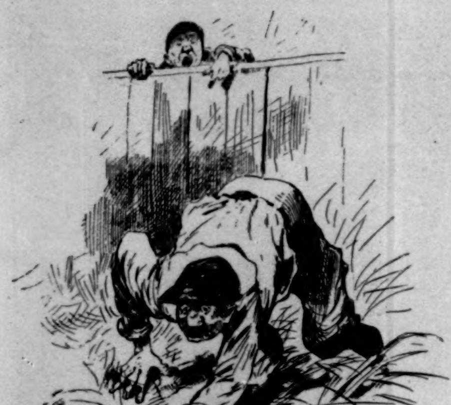
"Ah, there!"



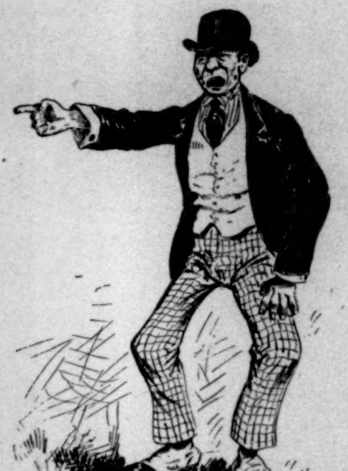
"No Flies on Billy."



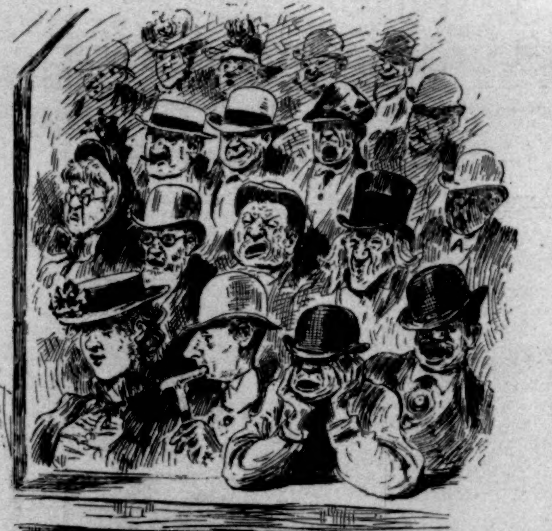
"Keep right on, Boys!"



"Now, then, Cy; right in here!"



"That Man is Out!" "Rats!"



The Effect of the Umpire's Decision.

THE NATIONAL GAME.—Drawn by C. G. Bush.

THE HERITAGE OF DEDLOW MARSH.*

BY BRET HARTE.

I.

THE sun was going down on the Dedlow Marshes. The tide was following it fast, as if to meet the reddening lines of sky and water in the west, leaving the foreground to grow blacker and blacker every moment, and to bring out in startling contrast the few half-filled and half-lit pools left behind and forgotten. The strong breath of the Pacific ruffling their surfaces at times fanned them into a dull glow like dying embers. A cloud of sand-pipers rose white from one of the nearer lagoons, swept in a long eddying ring against the sunset, and became a black and dropping rain to seaward. The long sinuous line of channel, fading with the light and ebbing with the tide, began to give off here and there light puffs of gray-winged birds like sudden exhalations. High in the darkening sky the long arrow-headed lines of geese and "brant" pointed toward the upland. As the light grew more uncertain, the air at times was filled with the rush of viewless and melancholy wings, or became plaintive with far-off cries and lamentations. As the marshes grew blacker, the far-scattered tussocks and accretions on its level surface began to loom in exaggerated outline, and two human figures, suddenly emerging erect on the bank of the hidden channel, assumed the proportion of giants.

When they had moored their unseen boat, they still appeared for some moments to be moving vaguely and aimlessly around the spot where they had disembarked. But as the eye became familiar with the darkness, it was seen that they were really advancing inland, yet with a slowness of progression and deviousness of course that appeared inexplicable to the distant spectator. Presently it was evident that this seemingly even, vast, black expanse was traversed and intersected by inky creeks and small channels, which made human progression difficult and dangerous. As they appeared nearer, and their figures took more natural proportions, it could be seen that each carried a gun; that one was a young girl, although dressed so like her companion, in shaggy pea-jacket and southwester, as to be scarcely distinguished from him above the short skirt that came half-way down her high India-rubber fishing boots. By the time they had reached firmer ground, and turned to look back at the sunset, it could be also seen that the likeness between their faces was remarkable. Both had crisp, black, tightly curling hair. Both had dark eyes and heavy eyebrows. Both had quick, vivid complexions, slightly heightened by the sea and wind. But more striking than their similarity of coloring was the likeness of expression and bearing. Both wore the same air of picturesque energy; both bore themselves with a like graceful effrontery and self-possession.

The young man continued his way. The young girl lingered for a moment, looking seaward, with her small brown hand lifted to shade her eyes—a precaution which her heavy eyebrows and long lashes seemed to render utterly gratuitous.

"Come along, Mag. What are ye waitin' for?" said the young man, impatiently.

"Nothin'. Lookin' at that boat from the fort." Her clear eyes were watching a small skiff invisible to less keen-sighted observers, aground upon a flat near the mouth of the channel. "Them chaps will have a high ole time gunnin' thar, stuck in the mud, and the tide goin' out like sixty!"

"Never you mind the sogers," returned her companion, aggressively; "they kin take care o' their own precious skins, or Uncle Sam will do it for 'em, I reckon. Anyhow, the people—that's you and me, Mag—is expected to pay for their foolishness. That's what they're sent yer for. Ye oughter to be satisfied with that," he added, with deep sarcasm.

"I reckon they ain't expected to do much off o' dry land, and they can't help bein' queer on the water," returned the young girl, with a reflecting sense of justice.

"Then they 'ain't no call to go gunnin', and wastin' guv'ment powder on ducks instead o' Injins."

"Thet's so," said the girl, thoughtfully. "Wonder ef guv'ment pays for them frocks the Kernel's girls went cavortin' round Longport in last Sunday; they looked like a cirkis."

"Like ez not the old Kernel gets it outer contracts, one way or another. *We* pay for it all the same," he added, gloomily.

"Jest the same ez if they were *my* clothes," said the girl, with a quick fiery little laugh, "ain't it? Wonder how they'd like my sayin' that to 'em when they was prancin' round—eh, Jim?"

But her companion was evidently unprepared for this sweeping feminine deduction, and stopped it with masculine promptitude.

"Look yer; instead o' botherin' your head about what the fort girls wear, you'd better trot along a little more lively; it's late enough now."

"But these darned boots hurt like pizen," said the girl, limping. "They swallowed a lot o' water over the tops while I was wadin' down there, and my feet go swashin' around, like in a churn, every step."

"Lean on me, baby," he returned, passing his arm around her waist, and dropping her head smartly on his shoulder. "Thar!" The act was brotherly and slightly contemptuous, but it was sufficient to at once establish their kinship.

They continued on thus for some moments in silence, the girl, I fear, after the fashion of her sex, taking the fullest advantage of this slightly sentimental and caressing attitude. They were moving now along the edge of the marsh, parallel with the line of rapidly fading horizon, following some trail only known to their keen, youthful eyes. It was growing darker and darker. The cries of the sea-birds had ceased; even the call of a belated plover had died away inland; the hush of death lay over the black funereal pall of marsh at their side. The tide had run out with the day. Even the sea-breeze had lulled in this dead, slack water of all nature, as if waiting outside the bar with the ocean, the stars, and the night.

Suddenly the girl stopped, and halted her companion. The faint far sound of a bugle broke the silence, if the idea of interruption could have been conveyed by the two or three exquisite vibrations that seemed born of that silence itself, and to fade and die in it without break or discord. Yet it was only the "retreat" call from the fort, two miles distant and invisible.

The young girl's face had become irradiated, and her small mouth half opened as she listened. "Do you know, Jim," she said, with a confidential sigh, "I allus put words to that when I hear it, it's so pow'ful pretty. It allus goes to me like this: 'Goes the day, Far away, With the light, And the night Comes along—Comes along—Comes along—Like a-a-so-o-ong.'" She here lifted her voice—a sweet, fresh, boyish contralto—in such an admirable imitation of the bugle, that her brother, after the fashion of more select auditors, was for a moment quite convinced that the words meant something. Nevertheless, as a brother, it was his duty to crush this weakness.

"Yes, and it says, 'Shut your head, Go to bed,'" he returned, irascibly, "and *you'ld* better come along, if we're goin' to hev any supper. There's Yaller Bob hez got ahead of us over there with the game already."

The girl glanced toward a slouching burdened figure that now appeared to be preceding them, straightened herself suddenly, and then looked attentively toward the marsh.

"Not the sogers again?" said her brother, impatiently.

"No," said the girl, quickly; "but if that don't beat anythin'! I'd hev sworn, Jim, that Yeller Bob was somewhere behind us. I saw him only jest now, when 'Taps' sounded, somewhere over thar." She pointed with a half-uneasy expression in quite another direction from that in which the slouching Yellow Bob had just loomed.

"Tell ye what, Mag, makin' poetry outer bugle calls hez kinder muddled ye. *That's* Yeller Bob ahead, and ye orter know Injins well enuff by this time to remember that they allus crop up jest when ye don't expect them. And there's the bresh jest afore us. Come!"

The "bresh," or low bushes, was really a line of stunted willows and alders that seemed to gradually sink into the level of the plain, but increased in size further inland, until they grew to the height and density of a wood. Seen from the channel, it had the appearance of a green cape or promontory thrust upon the marsh. Passing through its tangled recesses, with the aid of some unerring instinct, the two companions emerged upon another and much larger level that seemed as illimitable as the bay. The strong breath of the ocean lying just beyond the bar and estuary they were now facing came to them salt and humid as another tide. The nearer expanse of open water reflected the afterglow and lightened the landscape. And between the two wayfarers and the horizon rose, bleak and startling, the strange outlines of their home.

At first it seemed a ruined colonnade of many pillars, whose base and pediment were buried in the earth, supporting a long parallelogram of entablature and cornices. But a second glance showed it to be a one-storied building, upheld above the marsh by numberless piles placed at regular distances; some of them sunken or inclined from the perpendicular increasing the first illusion. Between these pillars, which permitted a free circulation of air, and, at extraordinary tides, even the waters of the bay itself, the level waste of marsh, the bay, the surges of the bar, and finally the red horizon line, were distinctly visible. A railed gallery or platform, supported also on piles, and reached by steps from the marsh, ran around the building, and gave access to the several rooms and offices.

But if the appearance of this lacustrine and amphibious dwelling was striking, and not without a certain rude and massive grandeur, its grounds and possessions, through which the brother and sister were still picking their way, were even more grotesque and remarkable. Over a space of half a dozen acres the flotsam and jetsam of years of tidal offerings were collected, and even guarded with a certain care. The blackened hulks of huge uprooted trees, scarcely distinguishable from the fragments of genuine wrecks beside them, were securely fastened by chains to stakes and piles driven in the marsh, while heaps of broken and disjointed bamboo orange crates, held together by ropes of fibre, glistened like ligamented bones heaped in the dead valley. Masts, spars, fragments of shell-incrusted boats, binnacles, round-houses, and galleys, and part of the after-deck of a coasting schooner, had ceased their wanderings, and found rest in this vast cemetery of the sea. The legend on a wheel-house, the lettering on a stern or bow, served for mortuary inscription. Wailed over by the trade-winds, mourned by lamenting sea-birds, once every year the tide visited its lost dead, and left them wet with its tears.

To such a spot and its surroundings the atmosphere of tradition and mystery was not wanting. Six years ago Boone Culpeper had built the house, and brought to it his wife, variously believed to be a gypsy, a Mexican, a bright mulatto, a Digger Indian, a South Sea princess from Tahiti, somebody else's wife, but in reality a little Creole woman from New Orleans, with whom he had contracted a marriage, with other gambling debts, during a winter's vacation from his home in Virginia. At the end of two years she had died, succumbing, as differently stated, from perpetual wet feet or the misanthropic idiosyncrasies of her husband, and leaving behind her a girl of twelve and a boy of sixteen to console him. How futile was this bequest may be guessed from a brief summary of Mr. Culpeper's peculiarities. They were the development of a singular form of aggrandizement and misanthropy. On his arrival at Longport he had bought a part of the apparently valueless Dedlow Marsh from the government at less than a dollar an acre, continuing his singular investment year by year, until he was the owner of three leagues of amphibious domain. It was then discovered that this property carried with it the water-front of divers valuable and convenient sites for manufactures and the commercial ports of a noble bay, as well as the natural *embarcaderos* of some "lumbering" inland settlements. Boone Culpeper would not sell. Boone Culpeper would not rent or lease. Boone Culpeper held an invincible blockade of his neighbors, and the progress and improvement he despised, granting only, after a royal fashion, occasional license, revocable at pleasure, in the shape of tolls, which amply supported him, with the game he shot in his kingfishers' eyrie on the marsh. Even the government that had made him powerful was obliged to "condemn" a part of his property at an equitable price for the purposes of Fort Redwood, in which the adjacent town of Longport shared. And Boone Culpeper, unable to resist the act, refused to receive the compensation or quitclaim the town. In his scant intercourse with his neighbors he always alluded to it as his own, showed it to his children as part of their strange inheritance, and exhibited the starry flag that floated from the fort as a flaunting insult to their youthful eyes. Hated, feared, and superstitiously shunned by some, regarded as a madman by others, familiarly known as the "Kingfisher of Dedlow," Boone Culpeper was one day found floating dead in his skiff with a charge of shot through his head and shoulders. The shot-gun lying at his feet at the bottom of the boat indicated the "accident" as recorded in the verdict of the coroner's jury, but not by the people. A thousand rumors of murder or suicide prevailed, but always with the universal rider, "Served him right." So invincible was this feeling that but few attended his last rites, which took place at high-water. The delay of the officiating clergyman lost the tide. The homely catafalque—his own boat—was left aground on the marsh, and deserted by all mourners except the two children. Whatever he had instilled into them by precept and example, whatever took place that night in their lonely watch by his bier on the black marshes, it was certain that those who confidently looked for any change in the administration of the Dedlow Marsh were cruelly mistaken. The old Kingfisher was dead, but he had left in the nest two young birds, more beautiful and graceful, it was true, yet as fierce and tenacious of beak and talon.

II.

Arriving at the house, the young people ascended the outer flight of wooden steps which bore an odd likeness to the companion-way of a vessel, and the gallery or "deck," as it was called, where a number of nets, floats, and buoys thrown over the railing completed the nautical resemblance. This part of the building was evidently devoted to kitchen, dining-room, and domestic offices; the principal room in the centre serving as hall or living-room, and communicating on the other side with two sleeping apartments. It was of considerable size, with heavy lateral beams across the ceiling—built, like the rest of the house, with a certain maritime strength—and looked not unlike a saloon cabin. An enormous open Franklin-stove between the windows as large as a chimney, blazing with drift-wood, gave light and heat to the apartment, and brought into flickering relief the boarded walls hung with the spoils of sea and shore, and glittering with gun-barrels. Fowling-pieces of all sizes, from the long ducking-gun mounted on a swivel for boat use, to the light single-barrel or carbine, stood in racks against the walls; game-bags, revolvers in their holsters, hunting and fishing knives in their sheaths, depended from hooks above them. In one corner stood a harpoon; in another two or three Indian spears for salmon. The carpetless floor and rude chairs and settles were covered with otter, mink, beaver, and a quantity of valuable seal skins, with a few larger pelts of the bear and elk. The only attempt at decoration was the displayed wings and breasts of the wood and harlequin duck, the muir, the cormorant, the gull, the garnet, and the femininely delicate half-mourning of petrel and plover, nailed against the wall. The influence of the sea was dominant above all, and asserted its saline odors even through the spice of the drift-wood smoke that half veiled the ceiling.

A berry-eyed old Indian woman with the complexion of dried salmon; her daughter, also with berry eyes, and with a face that seemed wholly made of a moist laugh; "Yellow Bob," a Digger "buck," so called from the prevailing ochre markings of his cheek; and "Washooh," an ex-chief, a nondescript in a blanket, looking like a cheap and dirty doll whose fibrous hair was badly nailed on his carved wooden head, composed the Culpeper household. While the former two were preparing supper in the adjacent dining-room, Yellow Bob, relieved of his burden of game, appeared on the gallery, and beckoned mysteriously to his master through the window. James Culpeper went out, returned quickly, and after a minute's hesitation and an uneasy glance toward his sister, who had meantime pushed back her southwester from her forehead, and without taking off her jacket had dropped into a chair before the fire, with her back toward him, took his gun noiselessly from the rack, and saying carelessly that he would be back in a moment, disappeared.

Left to herself, Maggie coolly pulled off her long boots and stockings, and comfortably opposed to the fire two very pretty feet and ankles, whose delicate purity were slightly blue-bleached by confinement in the tepid sea-water. The contrast of their waxen whiteness with her blue woollen skirt, and with even the skin of her sunburnt hands and wrists, apparently amused her, and she sat for some moments with her elbows on her knees, her skirts slightly raised, contemplating them, and curling her toes with evident satisfaction. The firelight playing upon the rich coloring of her face, the fringe of jet-black curls that almost met the thick sweep of eyebrows and left her only a white strip of forehead, her short upper lip and small chin, rounded but resolute, completed a piquant and striking figure. The rich brown shadows on the smoke-stained walls and ceiling, the occasional starting into relief of the scutcheons of brilliant plumage, and the momentary glitter of the steel barrels made a quaint background to this charming picture. Sitting there, and following some lingering memory of her tramp on the marsh, she hummed to herself a few notes of the bugle call that had impressed her, at first softly, and finally with the full pitch of her voice.

Suddenly she stopped.

There was a faint and unmistakable rapping on the floor beneath her. It was distinct, but cautiously given, as if intended to be audible to her alone. For a moment she stood upright, her feet still bare and glistening on the otter-skin that served as a rug. There were two doors to the room, one from which her brother had disappeared, which led to the steps, the other giving on the back gallery, looking inland. With a quick instinct she caught up her gun and ran to that one, but not before a rapid scramble near the railing was followed by a cautious opening of the door. She was just in time to shut it on the extended arm and light blue sleeve of an army overcoat that protruded through the opening, and for a moment threw her whole weight against it.

"A dhrop of whiskey, miss, for the love of God!"

She retained her hold, cocked her weapon, and stepped back a pace from the door. The blue sleeve was followed by the rest of the overcoat, and a blue cap with the infantry blazoning and the letter "H" on its peak. They were for the moment more distinguishable than the man beneath them, grimed and blackened with the slime of the marsh. But what could be seen of his mud-stained face was more grotesque than terrifying. A combination of weakness and audacity, insinuation and timidity, struggled through the dirt for expression. His small blue eyes were not ill-natured, and even the intruding arm trembled more from exhaustion than passion.

"On'y a dhrop, miss," he repeated, piteously, "and av ye pleeze, quick! afore I'm sharved with the cold entoirely."

She looked at him intently—without lowering her gun.

"Who are you?"

"Then it's the truth I'll tell ye, miss. Whisth, then!" he said, in a half whisper; "I'm a desarter!"

"Then it was *you* that was doggin' us on the marsh?"

"It was the sarjint I was lavin', miss."

She looked at him hesitatingly. "Stay outside there; if you move a step into the room, I'll blow you out of it."

He stepped back on the gallery. She closed the door, bolted it, and still holding the gun, opened a cupboard, poured out a glass of whiskey, and returning to the door, opened it, and handed him the liquor.

She watched him drain it eagerly, saw the fiery stimulant put life into his shivering frame, trembling hands, and kindle his dull eye, and—quietly raised her gun again.

"Ah, put it down, miss—put it down! Fwhot's the use? Shure the bullets ye carry in them ois of ye's is more deadly! It's out here oi'll sthand—glory be to God—all night, without movin' a fut till the sarjint comes to take me, av ye won't levil them ois at me like that. Ah, whirra! look at that now! But it's a goddess she is—the livin' Jaynus of warr, sthandin' there like a statoo, wid her alybaster feet put forward."

In her pride and conscious superiority any suggestion of shame at thus appearing before a common man and a mendicant was as impossible to her nature as it would have been to a queen or the goddess of his simile. His presence and his compliment alike passed her calm modesty unchallenged. The wretched scamp recognized the fact and felt its power, and it was with a superstitious reverence, asserting itself through his native extravagance, that he raised his grimy hand to his cap in military salute and became respectfully rigid.

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"Then the sogers were huntin' *you?*" she said, thoughtfully, lowering her weapon.

"Thrue for you, miss, they worr; and it's meself that was lyin' flat in the ditch wid me faytures makin' an illigant cast in the mud—more betoken, as ye see even now—and the sarjint and his daytail thrampin' round me. It was thin that the mortial cowld sthruck through me mouth, and made me wake for the whiskey that would resthore me."

"What did you desert fer?"

"Ah, list to that now! Fwhat did I desart fer? Shure, ev there was the ghost of an inemy round, it's meself that would be in the front now. But it was the letthers from me ould mother, miss, that is sthruck wid a mortial illness—long life to her!—in County Clare, and me sisthers in Ninth Avenue in New Yorrk, fornint the daypo, that is brekken their harruts over me listin' in the Fourth Infanthry to do duty in a haythen wilderness. Av it was the cavalry—and it's me own father that was in the Innishkillen Dthragoons, miss—oi wouldn't moind. Wid a horse betune me legs, it's on parade oi'd be now, miss, and not wandhering over the bare flure of the marsh, stharved wid the cowld, the thirst, and hunger, wid the mud and the moire thick on me, facin' an illigant young leddy as is the ekal ov a Fayld-Marshal's darter—not to sphake ov Kernal Preston's—ez couldn't hold a candle to her."

Brought up on the Spanish frontier, Maggie Culpeper was one of the few American girls who was not familiar with the Irish race. The rare smile that momentarily lit up her petulant mouth seemed to justify the intruder's praise. But it passed quickly, and she returned, dryly:

"That means you want more drink, suthin' to eat, and clothes. Suppose my brother comes back and ketches you here?"

"Shure, miss, he's just now huntin' me, along with his two haythen Diggers, beyond the laygoon there. It worr the yellar one that sphotted me lyin' there in the ditch; it worr only your own oiyes, miss—more power to their beauty for that!—that saw me folly him unbeknownst here; and that desaved them, ye see."

The young girl remained for an instant silent and thoughtful.

"We're no friends of the fort," she said, finally, "but I don't reckon for that reason my brother will cotton to *you.* Stay out thar where ye are till I come to ye. If you hear me singin' again, you'll know he's come back, and ye'd better scoot with what you've already got, and be thankful."

She shut the door again and locked it, went into the dining-room, returned with some provisions wrapped in paper, took a common wicker flask from the wall, passed into her brother's bedroom, and came out with a flannel shirt, "overalls," and a coarse Indian blanket, and reopening the door, placed them before the astonished and delighted vagabond. His eye glistened; he began, "Glory be to God!" but for once his habitual extravagance failed him. Nature triumphed with a more eloquent silence over his well-worn art. He hurriedly wiped his begrimed face and eyes with the shirt she had given him, and catching the sleeve of her rough pea-jacket in his dirty hand, raised it to his lips.

"Go!" she said, imperiously. "Get away while you can."

"Av it vas me last words—it's speechless oi am," he stammered, and disappeared over the railing.

She remained for a moment holding the door half open, and gazing into the darkness that seemed to flow in like a tide. Then she shut it, and going into her bedroom, resumed her interrupted toilet. When she emerged again she was smartly stockinged and slippered, and even the blue serge skirt was exchanged for a bright print, with a white fichu tied around her throat. An attempt to subdue her rebellious curls had resulted in the construction from their ruins of a low Norman arch across her forehead, with pillared abutments of ringlets. When her brother returned a few moments later, she did not look up, but remained, perhaps a little ostentatiously, bending over the fire.

"Bob allowed that a fort boat was huntin' *men*—deserters, I reckon," said Jim, aggrievedly. "Wanted me to believe that he *saw* one on the marsh hidin'. On'y an Injin lie, I reckon, to git a little extra fire-water for toting me out to the bresh on a fool's errand."

"Oh, *that's* where you went!" said Maggie, addressing the fire. "Since when hev you tuk partnership with the guv'nment and Kernel Preston to hunt up and take keer of their property?"

"Well, I ain't goin' to hev such wreckage as they pick up and enlist set adrift on our marshes, Mag," said Jim, decidedly.

"What would you hev done had you ketched him?" said Maggie, looking suddenly into her brother's face.

"Given him a dose of snipe-shot that he'd remember, and be thankful it wasn't slugs," said Jim, promptly. Observing a deeper seriousness in her attitude, he added, "Why, if it was in war-time, he'd get a *ball* from them sogers on sight."

"Yes, but *you* 'ain't got no call to interfere," said Maggie.

"'Ain't I? Why, he's no better than an outlaw. I ain't sure that he hasn't been stealin' or killin' somebody over theer."

"Not *that* man!" said Maggie, impulsively.

"Not what man?" said her brother, facing her quickly.

"Why," returned Maggie, repairing her indiscretion with feminine dexterity, "not *any* man who might have knocked you and me over on the marshes in the dusk, and grabbed our guns."

"Wish he'd hev tried it," said the brother, with a superior smile, but a quickly rising color. "Where d'ye suppose *I'd* hev been all the while?"

Maggie saw her mistake, and for the first time in her life resolved to keep a secret from her brother—overnight. "Supper's gettin' cold," she said, rising.

They went into the dining-room—an apartment as plainly furnished as the one they had quitted, but on its shelves, cupboards, and closely fitting boarding bearing out the general nautical suggestion of the house—and seated themselves before a small table on which their frugal meal was spread. In this *tête-à-tête* position Jim suddenly laid down his knife and fork, and stared at his sister.

"Hello!"

"What's the matter?" said Maggie, starting slightly. "How you do skeer one!"

"Who's been prinkin', eh?"

"My ha'r was in kinks all along o' that hat," said Maggie, with a return of higher color, "and I had to straighten it. It's a boy's hat, not a girl's."

"But that necktie and that gown, and all those frills and tuckers?" continued Jim, generalizing, with a rapid twirling of his fingers over her. "Are you expectin' Judge Martin or the expressman this evening?"

Judge Martin was the lawyer of Longport, who had proven her father's will, and had since raved about his single interview with the Kingfisher's beautiful daughter; the expressman was a young fellow who was popularly supposed to have left his heart while delivering another valuable package on Maggie in person, and had "never been the same man since." It was a well-worn fraternal pleasantry that had done duty many a winter evening, as a happy combination of moral admonition and cheerfulness. Maggie usually paid it the tribute of a quick little laugh and a sisterly pinch, but that evening those marks of approbation were withheld.

"Jim dear," said she, when their Spartan repast was concluded, and they were re-established before the living-room fire, "what was it the Redwood Mill Kempany offered you for that piece near Dead Man's Slough?"

Jim took his pipe from his lips long enough to say, "Ten thousand dollars," and put it back again.

"And what do ye kalkilate all our property, letting alone this yer house and the drift-wood front, is worth all together?"

"Includin' wot the guv'nment owes us—for that's all ours, ye know?" said Jim, quickly.

"No; leavin' that out—jest for greens, you know," suggested Maggie.

"Well, nigh onter a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, I reckon, by and large."

"That's a heap o' money, Jim! I reckon old Kernel Preston wouldn't raise that in a hundred years," continued Maggie, warming her knees by the fire.

"In five million years," said Jim, promptly sweeping away further discussion. After a pause, he added, "You and me, Mag, kin see anybody's pile, and go 'em fifty thousand better."

There were a few moments of complete silence, in which Maggie smoothed her knees, and Jim's pipe, which seemed to have become gorged and apoplectic with its owner's wealth, snored unctuously.

"Jim dear, what if—it's on'y an idea of mine, you know—what if you sold that piece to the Redwood Mill, and we jest tuk that money and—and—and jest lifted the ha'r offer them folks at Longport? Jest as-tonished 'em! Jest tuk the best rooms in that new hotel, got a hoss and buggy, dressed ourselves, you and me, fit to kill, and made them fort people take a back seat in the Lord's Tabernacle oncet for all. You see what *I* mean, Jim," she said, hastily, as her brother seemed to be succumbing, like his pipe, in apoplectic astonishment, "jest on'y to *show* 'em what we *could* do if we keerd. Lord! when we done it and spent the money we'd jest snap our fingers and skip back yer ez nat'ral ez life. Ye don't think, Jim," she said, suddenly turning half fiercely upon him, "that I'd allow to *live* among 'em—to stay a minet after that!"

Jim laid down his pipe, and gazed at his sister with stony deliberation. "And—what—do—you—kalkilate—to make by all that?" he said, with scornful distinctness.

"Why, jest to show 'em we *have* got money, and could buy 'em all up if we wanted to," returned Maggie, sticking boldly to her guns, albeit with a vague conviction that her fire was weakened through elevation, and somewhat alarmed at the deliberation of the enemy.

"And you mean to say they don't know it now?" he continued, with slow derision.

"No," said Maggie. "Why, theer's that new school-marm over at Longport—you know, Jim, the one that wanted to take your picter in your boat for a young smuggler, or fancy pirate, or Eyetalian fisherman, and allowed that your handsomed some, and offered to pay you for sittin'—do you reckon *she'd* believe you owned the land her school-house was built on? No! Lots of 'em don't. Lots of 'em thinks we're poor and low down, and them ez doesn't, thinks—"

"What?" asked her brother, sharply.

"That we're *mean.*"

The quick color came to Jim's cheek. "So," he said, facing her quickly, "for the sake of a lot of riffraff and scum that's drifted here around us, jest for the sake of cuttin' a swell before them, you'll go out among the hounds ez allowed your mother was a Spanish nigger or a kanaka, ez called your father a pirate and land-grabber, ez much ez allowed he was shot by some one or killed himself a purpose, ez said you was a heathen and a looney because you didn't go to school or church along with their trash, ez kept away from maw's sickness ez if it was small-pox, and dad's fun'ral ez if he was a hoss-thief, and left you and me to watch his coffin on the marshes all night till the tide kem back. And now you—*you* that j'ined hands with me that night over our father lyin' there cold and despised ez if he was a dead dog thrown up by the tide, and swore that ez long ez that tide ebbed and flowed it couldn't bring you to them, or them to you again—you now want what?—what? Why, to go and cast your lot among 'em, and live among 'em, and join in their Godforsaken holler foolishness, and—and—and—"

"Stop! It's a lie! I *didn't* say that. Don't you dare to say it!" said the girl, springing to her feet, and facing her brother in turn, with flashing eyes.

For a moment the two stared at each other, it might have been as in a mirror, so perfectly were their passions reflected in each line, shade, and color of the other's face. It was as if they had each confronted their own passionate and wilful souls, and were frightened. It had often occurred before, always with the same invariable ending. The young man's eyes lowered first; the girl's filled with tears.

"Well, ef ye didn't mean that, what did ye mean?" said Jim, sinking, with sullen apology, back into his chair.

"I—only—meant it—for—revenge," sobbed Maggie.

"Oh!" said Jim, as if allowing his higher nature to be touched by this noble instinct. "But I didn't jest see where the revenge kem in."

"No? But never mind now, Jim," said Maggie, ostentatiously ignoring, after the fashion of her sex, the trouble she had produced; "but to think—that—that—you thought—" (sobbing.)

"But I didn't, Mag—" (caressingly).

With this very vague and impotent conclusion, Maggie permitted herself to be drawn beside her brother, and for a few moments they plumed each other's ruffled feathers, and smoothed each other's lifted crests like two beautiful young specimens of that halcyon genus to which they were popularly supposed to belong. At the end of half an hour Jim rose, and, yawning slightly, said, in a perfunctory way,

"Where's the book?"

The book in question was the Bible. It had been the self-imposed custom of these two young people to read aloud a chapter every night as their one vague formula of literary and religious discipline. When it was produced, Maggie, presuming on his affectionate and penitential condition, suggested that to-night he should pick out "suthin' interestin'." But this unorthodox frivolity was sternly put aside by Jim, albeit, by way of compromise, he agreed to chance it—*i.e.*, open its pages at random.

He did so. Generally he allowed himself a moment's judicious pause for a certain chaste preliminary inspection necessary before reading aloud to a girl. To-night he omitted that modest precaution, and in a pleasant voice, which in reading was singularly free from colloquial infelicities of pronunciation, began at once:

"'Curse ye, Meroz, said the Angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.'"

"Oh, you looked first," said Maggie.

"I didn't now, honest Injin! I just opened."

"Go on," said Maggie, eagerly shoving him and interposing her neck over his shoulder.

And Jim continued Deborah's wonderful song of Jael and Sisera to the bitter end of its strong monosyllabic climax.

"There," he said, closing the volume, "that's what *I* call revenge. That's the real Scripture thing; no fancy frills theer."

"Yes; but, Jim dear, don't you see that she treated him first—sorter got round him with free milk and butter, and reg'larly blandished him," argued Maggie, earnestly.

But Jim declined to accept this feminine suggestion, or to pursue the subject further, and after a fraternal embrace they separated for the night. Jim lingered long enough to look after the fastening of the door and windows, and Maggie remained for some moments at her casement looking across the gallery to the marsh beyond.

The moon had risen, the tide was half up. Whatever sign or trace of alien footprint or occupation had been there was already smoothly obliterated; even the configuration of the land had changed. A black cape had disappeared, a level line of shore had been eaten into by teeth of glistening silver. The whole dark surface of the marsh was beginning to be streaked with shining veins, as if a new life was coursing through it. Part of the open bay before the fort, encroaching upon the shore, seemed in the moonlight to be reaching a white and outstretched arm toward the nest of the Kingfisher.

III.

The reveille at Fort Redwood had been supplemented full five minutes by the voice of Lieutenant George Calvert's servant before that young officer struggled from his bed. His head was splitting, his tongue and lips were dry and feverish, his bloodshot eyes were shrinking from the insufferable light of the day, his mind a confused medley of the past night and the present morning, of cards and wild revelry, and the vision of a reproachfully trim orderly standing at his door with reports and orders which he now held composedly in his hand; for Lieutenant Calvert had been enjoying a symposium variously known as "Stag Feed" and "A Wild and Stormy Night" with several of his brother officers, and a sickening conviction that it was not the first or the last time he had indulged in these festivities. At that moment he loathed himself, and then after the usual derelict fashion cursed the fate that had sent him, after graduating, to a frontier garrison, the dull monotony of whose duties made the border horseplay of dissipation a relief. Already he had reached the miserable point of envying the veteran capacities of his superiors and equals. "If I could drink like Kirby or Crowninshield, or if there was any other cursed thing a man could do in this hole," he had wretchedly repeated to himself, after each misspent occasion, and yet already he was looking forward to them as part of a "sub's" duty, and worthy his emulation. Already the dream of social recreation fostered by West Point had been rudely dispelled. Beyond the garrison circle of Colonel Preston's family and two officers' wives, there was no society. The vague distrust and civil jealousy with which some frontier communities regard the Federal power, heightened in this instance by the uncompromising attitude the government had taken toward the settlers' severe Indian policy, had kept the people of Longport aloof from the fort. The regimental band might pipe to them on Saturdays, but they would not dance.

Howbeit, Lieutenant Calvert dressed himself with uncertain hands, but mechanical regularity and neatness, and, under the automatic training of discipline and duty, managed to button his tunic tightly over his feelings, to pull himself together with his sword-belt, compressing a still cadet-like waist, and to present that indescribable combination of precision and jauntiness which his brother officers too often allowed to lapse into frontier carelessness. His closely clipped light hair, yet dripping from a plunge in the cold water, had been brushed and parted with military exactitude, and when surmounted by his cap, with the peak, in an artful suggestion of extra smartness, tipped forward over his eyes, only his pale face—a shade lighter than his little blond mustache—showed his last night's excesses. He was mechanically reaching for his sword, and staring confusedly at the papers on his table, when his servant interrupted.

"Major Bromley arranged that Lieutenant Kirby takes your sash this morning, as you're not well, sir, and you're to report for special to the Colonel," he added, pointing discreetly to the envelope.

Touched by this consideration of his superior, Major Bromley, who had been one of the veterans of last night's engagement, Calvert mastered the contents of the envelope without the customary anathema of specials, said, "Thank you, Parks," and passed out on the veranda.

The glare of the quiet sunlit quadrangle, clean as a well-swept floor, the whitewashed walls and galleries of the barrack buildings beyond, the white and green palisade of officers' cottages on either side, and the glitter of a sentry's bayonet, were, for a moment, intolerable to him. Yet by a kind of subtle irony, never before had the genius and spirit of the vocation he had chosen seemed to be as incarnate as in the scene before him. Seclusion, self-restraint, cleanliness, regularity, sobriety, the atmosphere of a wholesome life, the austere reserve of a monastery, without its mysterious or pensive meditation, were all there. To escape which he had of his own free-will successively accepted a fool's distraction, the inevitable result of which was the viewing of them the next morning with tremulous nerves and aching eyeballs.

An hour later Lieutenant George Calvert had received his final instructions from Colonel Preston to take charge of a small detachment to recover and bring back certain deserters, but notably one, Dennis McCaffrey, of Company H, charged additionally with mutinous solicitations and example. As Calvert stood before his superior, that distinguished officer, whose oratorical powers had been considerably stimulated through a long course of "returning thanks for the army," slightly expanded his chest, and said, paternally:

"I am aware, Mr. Calvert, that duties of this kind are somewhat distasteful to young officers, and are apt to be considered in the light of police detail; but I must remind you that no one part of a soldier's duty can be held more important or honorable than another, and that the fulfilment of any one, however trifling, must, with honor to himself and security to his comrades, receive his fullest devotion. A sergeant and a file of men might perform your duty, but I require, in addition, the discretion, courtesy, and consideration of a gentleman who will command an equal respect from those with whom his duty brings him in contact. The unhappy prejudices which the settlers show to the military authority here render this, as you are aware, a difficult service, but I believe that you will, without forgetting the respect due to yourself and the government you represent, avoid arousing these prejudices by any harshness, or inviting any conflict with the civil authority. The limits of their authority you will find in your written instructions, but you might gain their confidence and impress them, Mr. Calvert, with the idea of your being their *auxiliary* in the interests of justice, you understand. Even if you are unsuccessful in bringing back the men, you will do your best to ascertain if their escape has been due to the sympathy of the settlers, or even with their preliminary connivance. They may not be aware that inciting enlisted men to desert is a criminal offence; you will use your own discretion in informing them of the fact or not, as occasion may serve you. I have only to add that while you are on the waters of this bay and the land covered by its tides you have no opposition of authority, and are responsible to no one but your military superiors. Good-by, Mr. Calvert. Let me hear a good account of you."

Considerably moved by Colonel Preston's manner, which was as paternal and real as his rhetoric was somewhat perfunctory, Calvert half forgot his woes as he stepped from the Commandant's piazza. But he had to face a group of his brother officers, who were awaiting him:

“Good-by, Calvert,” said Major Bromley; “a day or two out on grass won’t hurt you, and a change from commissary whiskey will put you all right. By-the-way, if you hear of any better stuff at Westport than they’re giving us here, sample it, and let us know. Take care of yourself. Give your men a chance to talk to you now and then, and you may get something from them, especially Donovan. Keep your eye on Ramon. You can trust your sergeant straight along.”

“Good-by, George,” said Kirby. “I suppose the old man told you that although no part of a soldier’s duty was better than another, your service was a very delicate one, just fitted for you—eh? He always does when he’s cut out some hellish scrub-work for a chap. And told you, too, that as long as you didn’t go ashore, and kept to a despatch-boat or an eight-oared gig, where you couldn’t deploy your men or dress a line, you’d be invincible.”

“He did say something like that,” smiled Calvert, with an uneasy recollection, however, that it was *the* part of his superior’s speech that particularly impressed him.

“Of course,” said Kirby, gravely; “*that*, as an infantry officer, is clearly your duty.”

“And don’t forget, George,” said Rollins, still more gravely, “that whatever may befall you, you belong to a section of that numerically small but powerfully diversified organization—the American army. Remember that in the hour of peril you can address your men in any language, and be perfectly understood. And remember that when you proudly stand before them, the eyes not only of your own country, but of nearly all the others, are upon you. Good-by, Georgey. I heard the Major hint something about whiskey. They say that old pirate Kingfisher Culpeper had a stock of the real thing from Robertson County laid in his shebang on the marsh just before he died. Pity we aren’t on terms with them, for the cubs cannot drink it, and might be induced to sell. Shouldn’t wonder, by-the-way, if your friend McCaffrey was hanging round somewhere there; he always had a keen scent. You might confiscate it as an ‘incitement to desertion,’ you know. The girl’s pretty, and ought to be growing up now.”

But haply at this point the sergeant stopped further raillery by reporting the detachment ready; and drawing his sword, Calvert, with a confused head, a remorseful heart, but an unfaltering step, marched off his men on his delicate mission.

It was four o’clock when he entered Jonesville. Following a matter-of-fact idea of his own, he had brought his men the greater distance by a circuitous route through the woods, thus avoiding the ostentatious exposure of his party on the open bay in a well-manned boat to an extended view from the three leagues of shore and marsh opposite. Crossing the stream which here separated him from the Dedlow Marsh by the common ferry, he had thus been enabled to halt unperceived below the settlement, and occupy the two roads by which the fugitives could escape inland. He had deemed it not impossible that after the previous visit of the sergeant, the deserters hidden in the vicinity might return to Jonesville in the belief that the visit would not be repeated so soon. Leaving a part of his small force to patrol the road, and another to deploy over the upland meadows, he entered the village. By the exercise of some boyish diplomacy and a certain prepossessing grace, which he knew when and how to employ, he became satisfied that the objects of his quest were not there; however, their whereabouts might have been known to the people. Dividing his party again, he concluded to take a corporal and a few men, and explore the lower marshes himself.

The preoccupation of duty, exercise, and perhaps, above all, the keen stimulus of the iodine-laden salt air seemed to clear his mind and invigorate his body. He had never been in the marsh before, and enjoyed its novelty with the zest of youth. It was the hour when the tide of its feathered life was at its flood. Clouds of duck and teal passing from the fresh water of the river to the salt pools of the marshes perpetually swept his path with flying shadows; at times it seemed as if even the uncertain ground around him itself arose and sped away on dusky wings. The vicinity of hidden pools and sloughs were betrayed by startled splashings; a few paces from their marching feet arose the sunlit pinions of a swan. The air was filled with multitudinous small cries and pipings. In this vocal confusion it was some minutes before he recognized the voice of one of his out-flankers calling to the other.

An important discovery had been made. In a long tongue of bushes that ran down to the marsh they had found a mud-stained uniform, complete even to the cap, bearing the initial of the deserter’s company.

“Is there any hut or cabin hereabouts, Schmidt?” asked Calvert.

“Dot vos schoost it, Lefdennun,” replied his corporal. “Dot vos de shanty from der Kingvisher—old Gulbebber. I pet a dollar, py shimminy, dot der men haf der gekommt.”

He pointed through the brake to a long low building that now raised itself, white in the sunlight, among the many blackened piles. Calvert saw in a single reconnoitring glance that it had but one approach—the flight of steps from the marsh. Instructing his men to fall in on the outer edge of the brake and await his orders, he quickly made his way across the space, and ascended the steps. Passing along the gallery he knocked at the front door. There was no response. He repeated his knock. Then the window beside it opened suddenly, and he was confronted with the double muzzle of a long ducking gun. Glancing instinctively along the barrels, he saw at their other extremity the bright eyes, brilliant color, and small set mouth of a remarkably handsome girl. It was the fact, and to the credit of his training, that he paid more attention to the eyes than to the challenge of the shining tubes before him.

“Jest stop where you are, will you!” said the girl determinedly.

Calvert’s face betrayed not the slightest terror or surprise. Immovable as on parade, he carried his white-gloved hand to his cap, and said, gently, “With pleasure.”

“Oh yes,” said the girl, quickly; “but if you move a step, I’ll jest blow you and your gloves offer that railin’ inter the marsh.”

“I trust not,” returned Calvert, smiling.

“And why?”

“Because it would deprive me of a few moments’ conversation with you, and I’ve only one pair of gloves with me.”

He was still watching her beautiful eyes—respectfully, admiringly, and strategically. For he was quite convinced that if he *did* move she would certainly discharge one or both barrels at him.

“Where’s the rest of you?” she continued, sharply.

“About three hundred yards away, in the covert; not near enough to trouble you.”

“Will they come here?”

“I trust not?”

“You trust not,” she repeated, scornfully. “Why?”

“Because they would be disobeying orders.”

She lowered her gun slightly, but kept her black brows levelled at him. “I reckon I’m a match for *you*,” she said, with a slightly contemptuous glance at his slight figure, and opened the door. For a moment they stood looking at each other. He saw, besides the handsome face and eyes that had charmed him, a tall, slim figure, made broader across the shoulders by an open pea-jacket that showed a man’s red flannel shirt belted at the waist over a blue skirt, with the collar knotted by a sailor’s black handkerchief, and turned back over a pretty though sunburnt throat. She saw a rather undersized young fellow in a jaunty undress uniform, scant of gold braid, and bearing only the single gold shoulder-bar of his rank, but scrupulously clean and well-fitting. Light-colored hair cropped close, the smallest of light mustaches, clear and penetrating blue eyes, and a few freckles completed a picture that did not prepossess her. She was therefore the more inclined to resent the perfect ease and self-possession with which the stranger carried off these manifest defects before her.

She laid aside the gun, put her hands deep in the pockets of her pea-jacket, and slightly squaring her shoulders, said, curtly, “What do you want?”

“A very little information, which I trust it will not trouble you to give me. My men have just discovered the uniform belonging to a deserter from the fort lying in the bushes yonder. Can you give me the slightest idea how it came there?”

“What right have you trapseing over our property?” she said, turning upon him sharply with a slight paling of color.

“None whatever.”

“Then what did you come for?”

“To ask that permission in case you would give me no information.”

“Why don’t you ask my brother and not a woman? Were you afraid?”

“He could hardly have done me the honor of placing me in more peril than you have,” returned Calvert, smiling. “Then I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Culpeper?”

“I’m Jim Culpeper’s sister.”

“And, I believe, equally able to give or refuse the permission I ask.”

“And what if I refuse?”

“Then I have only to ask pardon for having troubled you, go back, and return here with the tide. You don’t resist *that* with a shot-gun, do you?” he asked, pleasantly.

Maggie Culpeper was already familiar with the accepted theory of the supreme jurisdiction of the federal sea. She half turned her back upon him, partly to show her contempt, but partly to evade the domination of his clear, good-humored, and self-sustained little eyes.

“I don’t know anythin’ about your deserters, nor what rags o’ theirs happen to be floated up here,” she said, angrily, “and don’t care to. You kin do what you like.”

“Then I’m afraid I should remain here a little longer, Miss Culpeper; but my duty—”

“Your wot?” she interrupted, disdainfully.

“I suppose I *am* talking shop,” he said, smilingly. “Then my business—”

“Your business—pickin’ up half-starved runaways!”

“And, I trust, sometimes a kind friend,” he suggested, with a grave bow.

“You *trust?* Look yer, young man,” she said, with her quick, fierce little laugh, “I reckon you *trust* a heap too much.” She would like to have added, “With your freckled face, red hair, and little eyes,” but this would have obliged her to face them again, which she did not care to do.

Calvert stepped back, lifted his hand to his cap, still pleasantly, and then walked gravely along the gallery, down the steps, and toward the cover. From her window, unseen, she followed his neat little figure moving undeviatingly on, without looking to the left or right, and still less toward the house he had just quitted. Then she saw the sunlight flash on cross-belt plates and steel barrels, and a light blue line issued from out the dark green bushes, round the point, and disappeared. And then it suddenly occurred to her what she had been doing. This, then, was her first step toward that fancy she had so lately conceived, quarrelled over with her brother, and lay awake last night to place anew, in spite of all opposition. This was her brilliant idea of dazzling and subduing Longport and the fort. Had she grown silly, or what had happened? Could she have dreamed of the coming of this whipper-snapper, with his insufferable airs, after that beggarly deserter? I am afraid that for a few moments the miserable fugitive had as small a place in Maggie’s sympathy as the redoubtable whipper-snapper himself. And now the cherished dream of triumph and conquest was over. What a “looney” she had been! Instead of inviting him in, and outdoing him in “company manners,” and “fooling” him about the deserter, and then blazing upon him afterward at Longport in the glory of her first spent wealth and finery, she had driven him away.

And now “he’ll go and tell—tell the fort girls of his hair-breadth escape from the claws of the Kingfisher’s daughter.”

The thought brought a few bitter tears to her eyes, but she wiped them away. The thought brought also the terrible conviction that Jim was right, that there could be nothing but open antagonism between them and the traducers of their parents, as she herself had instinctively shown. But she presently wiped that conviction away also, as she had her tears.

Half an hour later she was attracted by the appearance from the window of certain straggling blue spots on the upland that seemed moving diagonally toward the marsh. She did not know that it was Calvert’s second detail joining him, but believed for a moment that he had not yet departed, and was strangely relieved. Still later the frequent disturbed cries of coot, heron, and marsh-hen, recognizing the presence of unusual invaders of their solitude, distracted her yet more, and forced her at last with increasing color and an uneasy sense of shyness to steal out to the gallery for a swift furtive survey of the marsh. But an utterly unexpected sight met her eyes, and kept her motionless.

The birds were rising everywhere and drifting away with querulous perturbation before a small but augmented blue detachment that was moving with monotonous regularity toward the point of bushes where she had seen the young officer previously disappear. In their midst, between two soldiers with fixed bayonets, marched the man whom even at that distance she instantly recognized as the deserter of the preceding night, in the very clothes she had given him. To complete her consternation, a little to the right marched the young officer also, but accompanied by and apparently on the most amicable terms with Jim—her own brother!

To forget all else and dart down the steps, flying toward the point of “bresh,” scarcely knowing why, or what she was doing, was to Maggie the impulse and work of a moment. When she had reached it the party were not twenty paces away. But here a sudden shyness and hesitation again seized her, and she shrank back in the bushes with an instinctive cry to her brother inarticulate upon her lips. They came nearer, they were opposite to her, her brother Jim keeping step with the invader, and even conversing with him with an animation she had seldom seen upon his face; they passed. She had been unnoticed, except by one. The roving eye of the deserter had detected her handsome face among the leaves, slightly turned toward it, and poured out his whole soul in a single swift wink of eloquent but indescribable confidence.

When they had quite gone, she crept back to the house, a little reassured, but still tremulous. When her brother returned at nightfall, he found her brooding over the fire, in the same attitude as on the previous night.

“I reckon ye might hev seen me go by with the sogers,” he said, seating himself beside her, a little awkwardly, and with an unusual assumption of carelessness.

Maggie, without looking up, was languidly surprised. He had been with the soldiers—and where?

“About two hours ago I met this yer Leftenant Calvert,” he went on, with increasing awkwardness, “and— Oh, I say, Mag, he said he saw you, and hoped he hadn’t troubled ye, and—and—ye saw him, didn’t ye?”

Maggie, with all the red of the fire concentrated in her cheek as she gazed at the flame, believed, carelessly, that she had seen a shrimp in uniform, asking questions.

“Oh, he ain’t a bit stuck up,” said Jim, quickly; “that’s what I like about him. He’s as nat’ral ez you be, and tuck my arm walkin’ around, careless-like, laffen at what he was doin’, ez if it was a game, and he wasn’t sole commander of forty men. He’s only a year or two older than me—and—and—” he stopped, and looked uneasily at Maggie.

“So ye’ve been crawfishin’ agin?” said Maggie, in her deepest and most scornful contralto.

“Who’s crawfishin’?” he retorted, angrily.

“What’s this backin’ out o’ what you said yesterday? What’s all this trucklin’ to the fort now?”

“What? Well, now, look yer,” said Jim, rising suddenly, with reproachful indignation, “darned if I don’t jest tell ye everythin’. I promised *him* I wouldn’t. He allowed it would frighten ye.”

“*Frighten me!*” repeated Maggie, contemptuously, nevertheless with her cheek paling again. “Frighten me! With what?”

“Well, since yer so cantankerous, look yer. We’ve been robbed!”

“Robbed?” echoed Maggie, facing him.

“Yes, robbed, by that same deserter. Robbed of a suit of my clothes and my whiskey-flask, and the darned skunk had ’em on. And if it hadn’t bin for that Leftenant Calvert, and my givin’ him permission to hunt him over the marsh, we wouldn’t have caught him.”

“Robbed?” repeated Maggie again, vaguely.

“Yes, robbed! Last night, afore we came home. He must hev got in yer while we was comin’ from the boat.”

“Did—did that Leftenant say so?” stammered Maggie.

“Say it? Of course he did, and so do I,” continued Jim, impatiently. “Why, there were my very clothes on his back, and he daren’t deny it. And if you’d harkened to me jest now, instead of flyin’ off in tantrums, you’d see *that’s* jest how we got him, and how me and the Leftenant joined hands in it. I didn’t give him permission to hunt deserters, but *thieves*. I didn’t help him to ketch the man that deserted from *him*, but the skunk that took *my* clothes. For when the Leftenant found the man’s old uniform in the bush, he nat’rally kalkilated he must hev got some other duds near by in some underhand way. Don’t you see—eh? Why, look, Mag. Darned if you ain’t skeered, after all! Who’d hev thought it? There, now—sit down, dear. Why, you’re white ez a gull.”

He had his arm around her as she sank back in the chair again with a forced smile.

“There, now,” he said, with fraternal superiority, “don’t mind it, Mag, any more. Why, it’s all over now. You bet he won’t trouble us agin, for the Leftenant sez that now he’s found out to be a thief, they’ll jest turn him over to the police, and he’s sure o’ gettin’ six months’ State-prison for stealin’ and burglarin’ in our house. But—” he stopped suddenly and looked at his sister’s contracted face. “Look yer, Mag. You’re sick, that’s what’s the matter. Take suthin’—”

“I’m better now,” she said, with an effort; “it’s only a kind o’ blind chill I must hev got on the marsh last night. What’s that?”

She had risen, and grasping her brother’s arm tightly, had turned quickly to the window. The casement had suddenly rattled.

“It’s only the wind gettin’ up. It looked like a sou’wester when I came in. Lot o’ scud flyin’. But *you* take some quinine, Mag. Don’t *you* go now and get down sick like maw.”

Perhaps it was this well-meant but infelicitous reference that brought a moisture to her dark eyes, and caused her lips to momentarily quiver. But it gave way to a quick determined setting of her whole face as she turned it once more to the fire, and said, slowly, “I reckon I’ll sleep it off, if I go to bed now. What time does the tide fall?”

“About three, unless this yer wind piles it up on the marsh afore then. Why?”

“I was only wonderin’ if the boat wus safe,” said Maggie, rising.

“You’d better hoist yourself outside some quinine, instead o’ talkin’ about those things,” said Jim, who preferred to discharge his fraternal responsibility by active medication. “You arn’t fit to read to-night.”

“Good-night, Jim,” she said, suddenly stopping before him.

“Good-night, Mag.” He kissed her with protecting and amiable toleration, generously referring her hot hands and feverish lips to that vague mystery of feminine complaint which man admits without indorsing.

They separated. Jim, under the stimulus of the late supposed robbery, ostentatiously fastening the doors and windows with assuring comments calculated to inspire confidence in his sister’s startled heart. Then he went to bed. He lay awake long enough to be pleasantly conscious that the wind had increased to a gale, and to be lulled again to sleep by the cozy security of the heavily timbered and tightly sealed dwelling that seemed to ride the storm like the ship it resembled. The gale swept through the piles beneath him and along the gallery as through bared spars and over wave-washed decks. The whole structure, attacked above, below, and on all sides by the fury of the wind, seemed at times to be lifted in the air. Once or twice the creaking timbers simulated the sound of opening doors and passing footsteps, and again dilated as if the gale had forced a passage through. But Jim slept on peacefully, and was at last only aroused by the brilliant sunshine staring through his window from the clear wind-swept blue arch beyond.

Dressing himself lazily, he passed into the sitting-room, and proceeded to knock at his sister’s door, as was his custom; he was amazed to find it open and the room empty. Entering hurriedly he saw that her bed was undisturbed, as if it had not been occupied, and was the more bewildered to see a note ostentatiously pinned upon the pillow, addressed in pencil in a large school-girl hand, “To Jim.”

Opening it impatiently, he was startled to read as follows:

“Don’t be angry, Jim dear, but it was all my fault, and I didn’t tell you. I knew all about the deserter, and I gave him the clothes and things that they say he stole. It was while you was out that night, and he came and begged of me, and was mournful and hidjus to behold. I thought I was helping him and getting our revenge on the fort, all at the same time. Don’t be mad, Jim dear, and don’t be frighted fer me. I’m going over thar to make it all right—to free *him* of stealing—to have *you* left out of it all—and take it all on myself. Don’t you be a bit feared for me. I ain’t skeert of the wind or of going. I’ll close reef everything, clear the creek, stretch across to Injin Island, hugg the Point, and bear up fer Longport. Dear Jim—don’t get mad—but I couldn’t bear this fooling of you nor *him*—and that man being took for stealing any longer! Your loving sister, MAGGIE.”

With a confused mingling of shame, anger, and sudden fear he ran out on the gallery. The tide was well up, half the marsh had already vanished, and the little creek where he had moored his